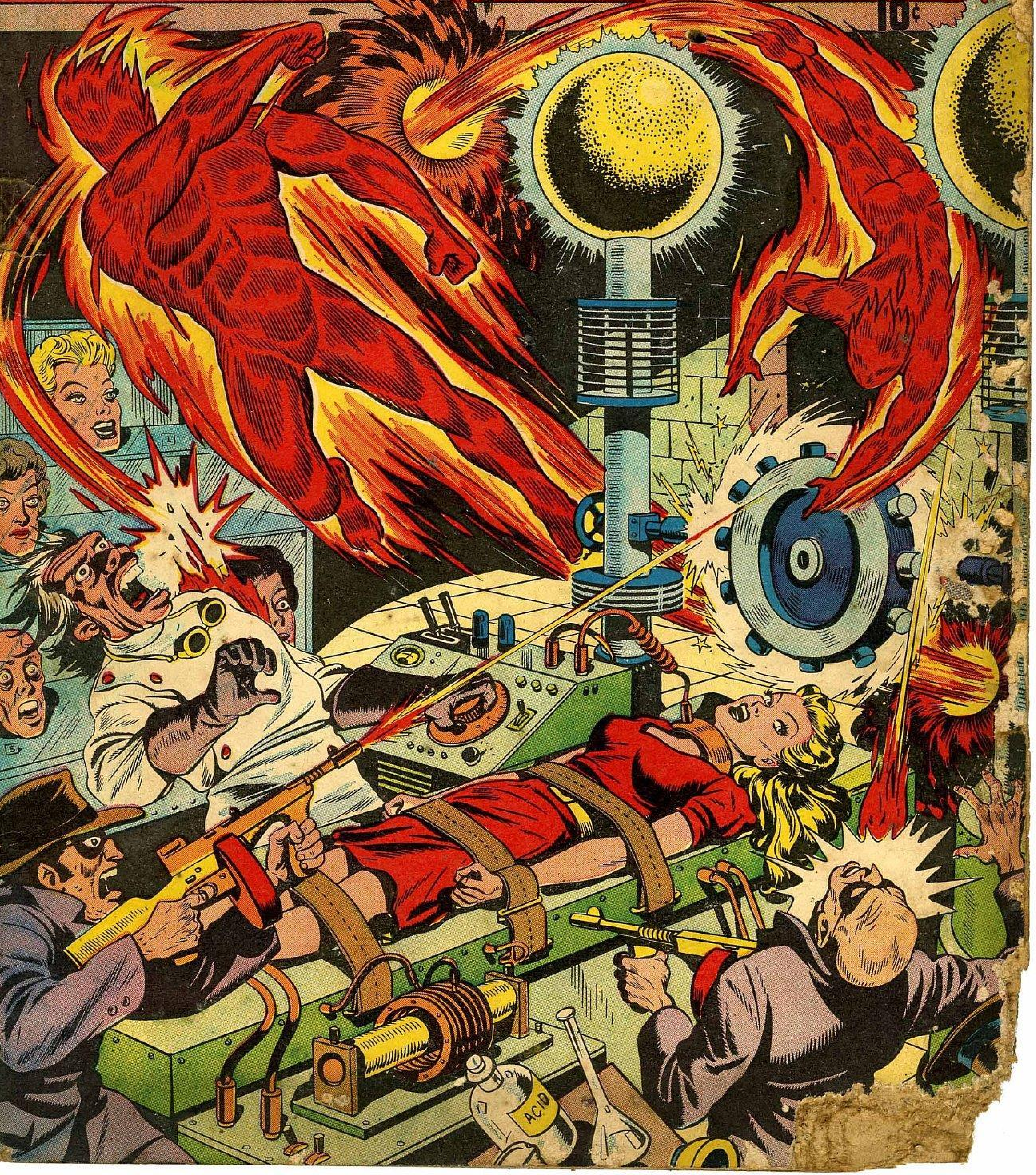
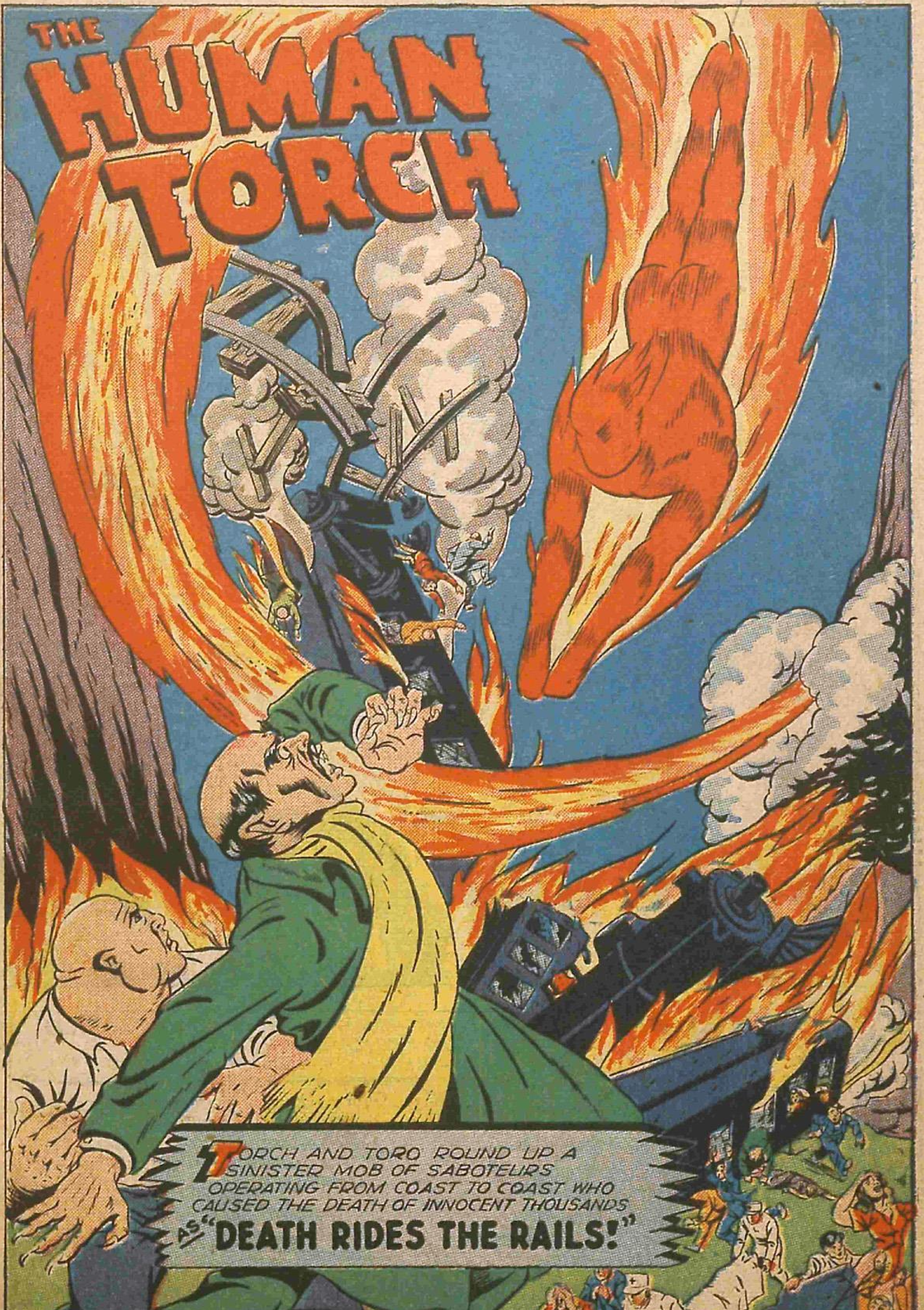
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

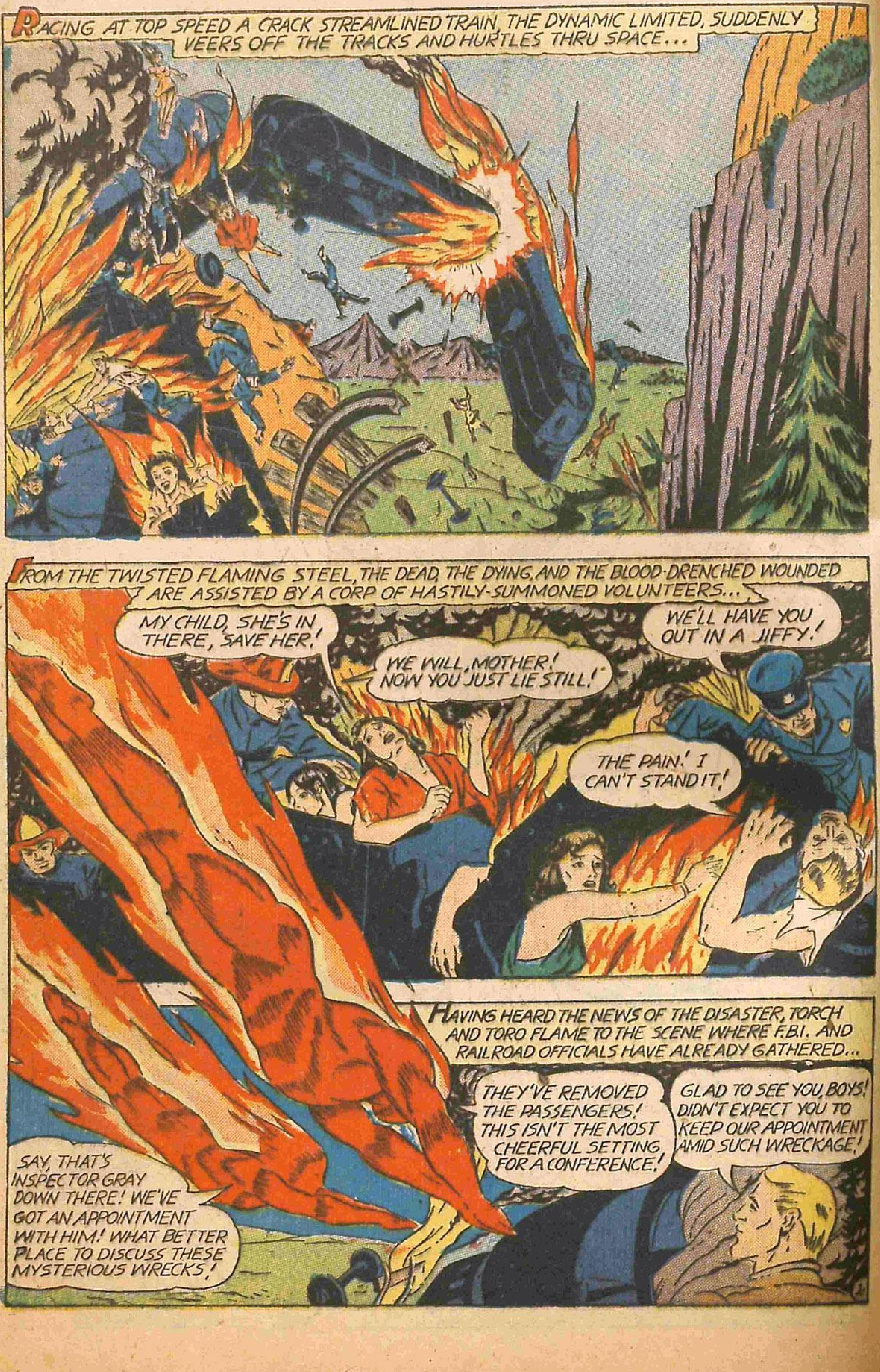
NO. 57

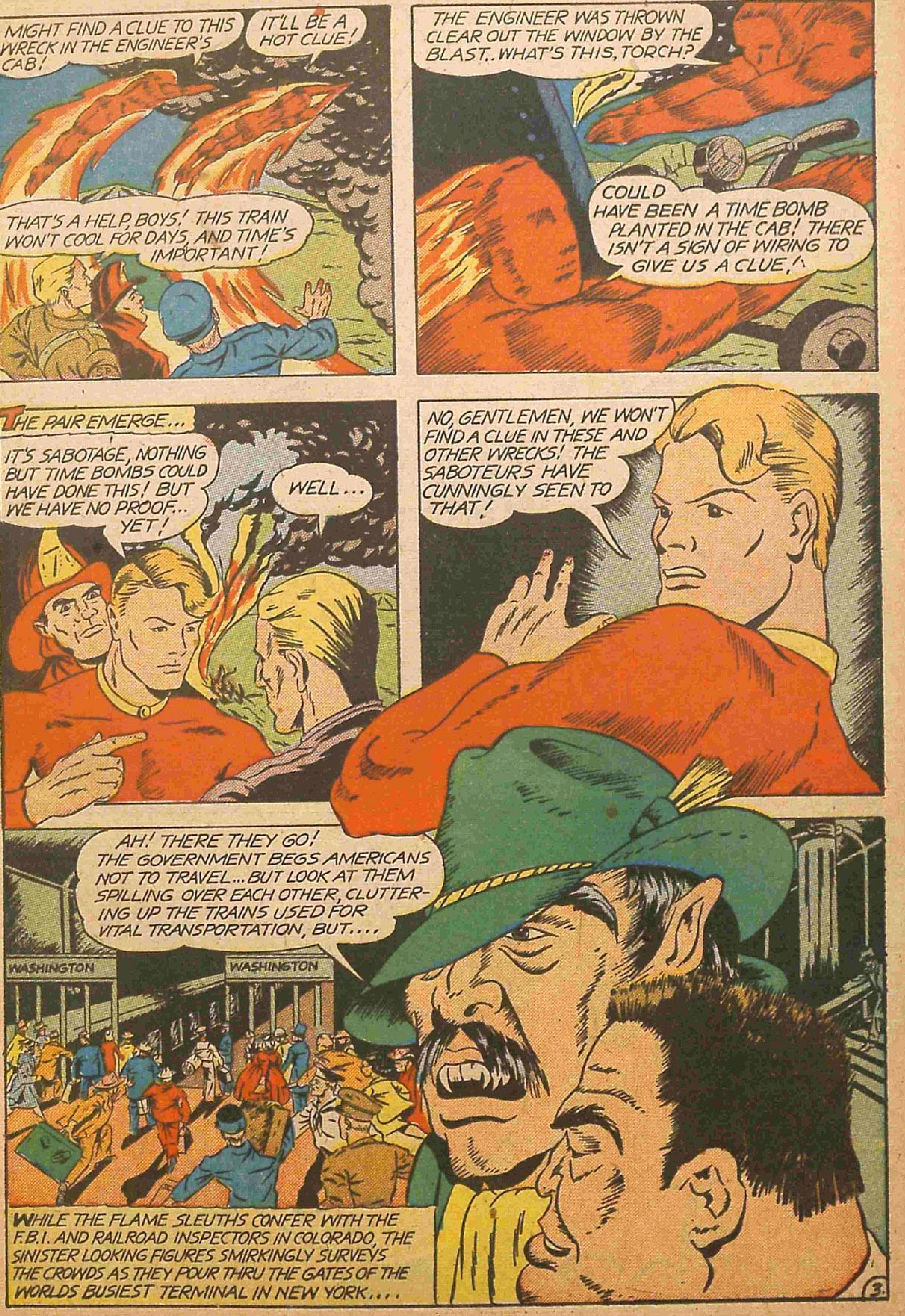
JULY

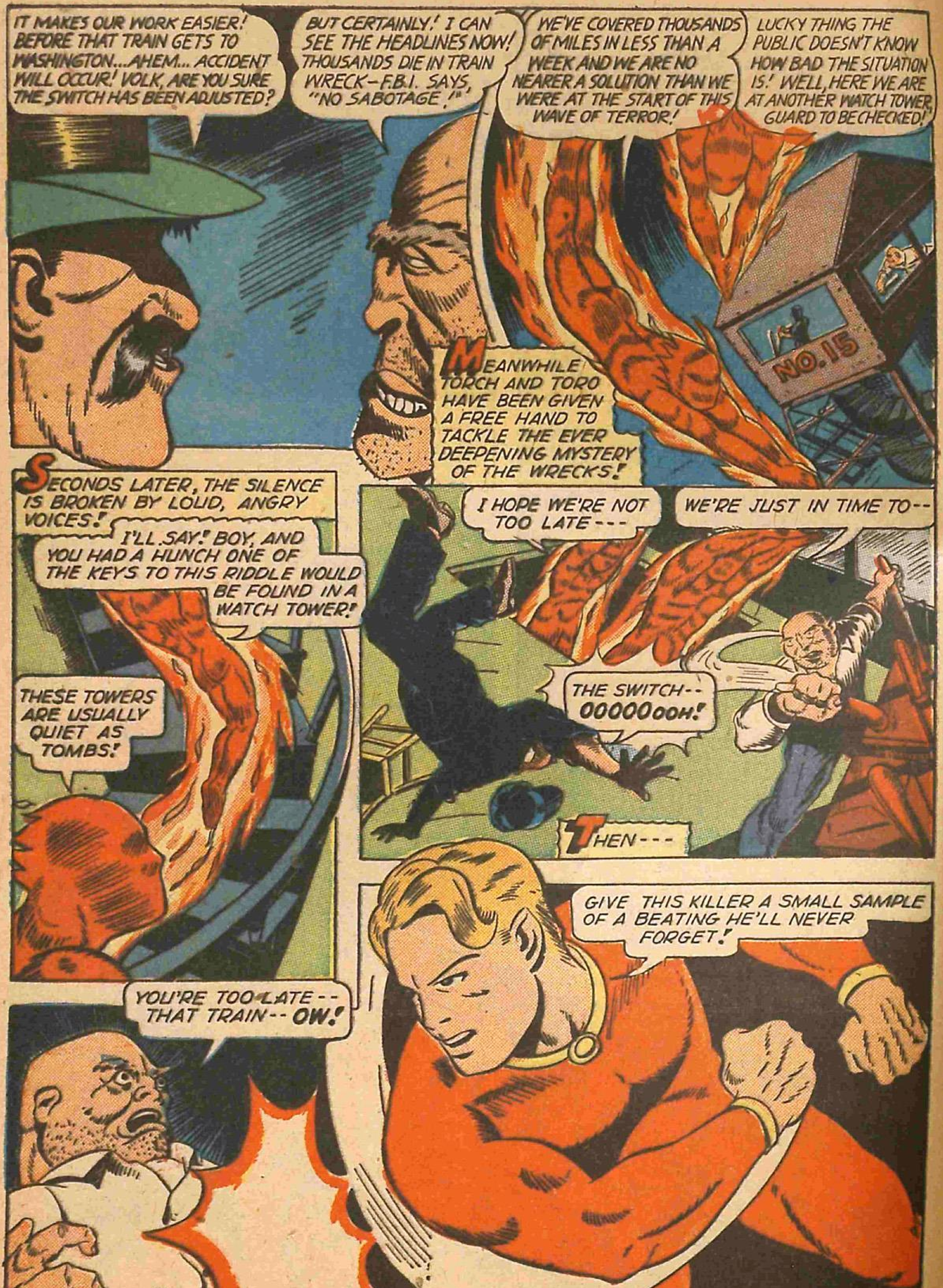
10¢

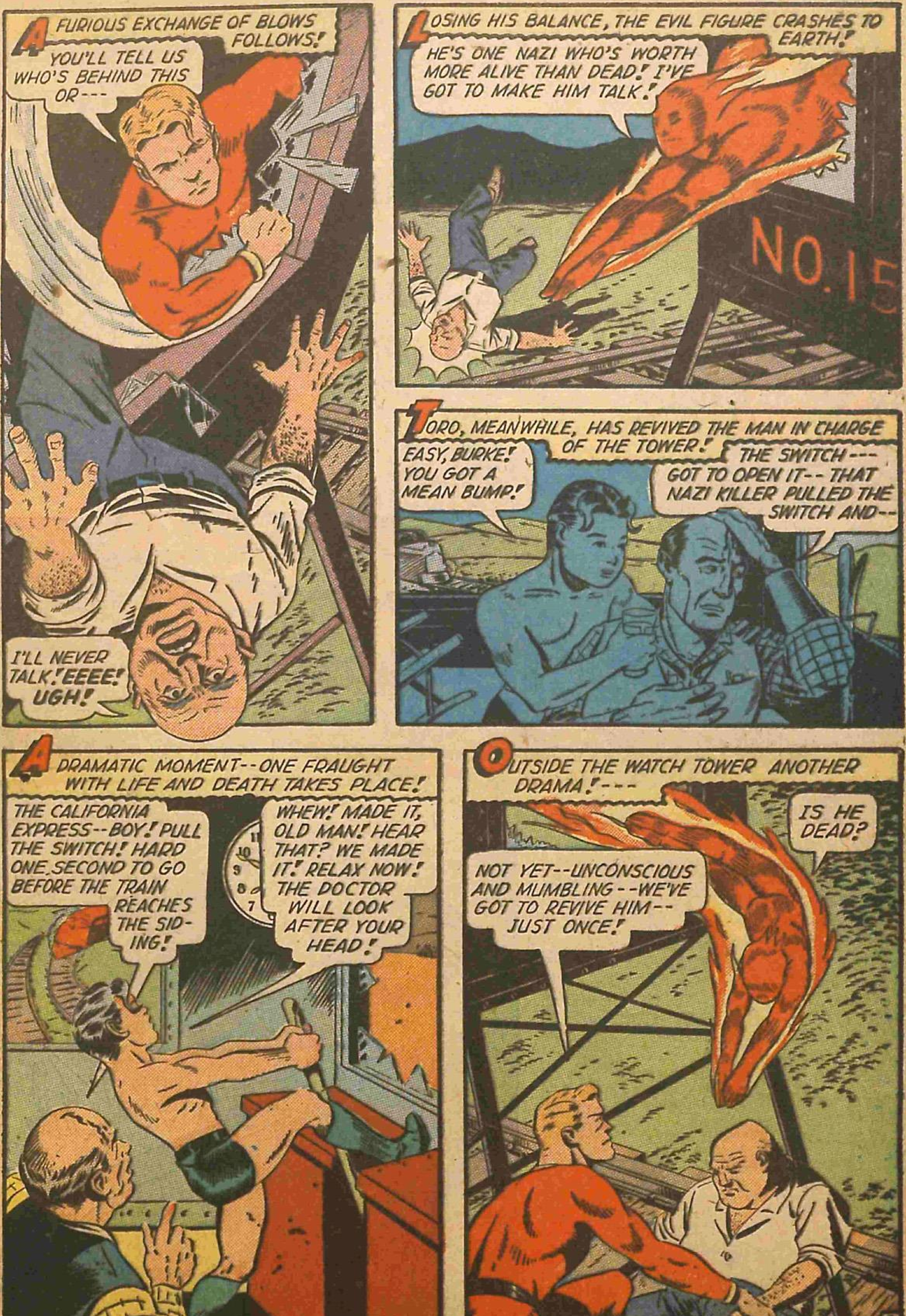



THE HUMAN TORCH
TORCH AND TORO ROUND UP A SINISTER MOB OF SABOTEURS OPERATING FROM COAST TO COAST WHO CAUSED THE DEATH OF INNOCENT THOUSANDS AS "DEATH RIDES THE RAILS!"


RACING AT TOP SPEED A CRACK STREAMLINED TRAIN, THE DYNAMIC LIMITED, SUDDENLY VEERS OFF THE TRACKS AND HURTLES THRU SPACE...
FROM THE TWISTED FLAMING STEEL, THE DEAD, THE DYING, AND THE BLOOD-DRENCHED WOUNDED ARE ASSISTED BY A CORP OF HASTILY-SUMMONED VOLUNTEERS...
MY CHILD, SHE'S IN THERE, SAVE HER!
WE WILL, MOTHER! NOW YOU JUST LIE STILL!
WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY!
THE PAIN! I CAN'T STAND IT!
HAVING HEARD THE NEWS OF THE DISASTER, TORCH AND TORO FLAME TO THE SCENE WHERE F.B.I. AND RAILROAD OFFICIALS HAVE ALREADY GATHERED...
SAY, THAT'S INSPECTOR GRAY DOWN THERE! WE'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH HIM! WHAT BETTER PLACE TO DISCUSS THESE MYSTERIOUS WRECKS!
THEY'VE REMOVED THE PASSENGERS! THIS ISN'T THE MOST CHEERFUL SETTING FOR A CONFERENCE!
GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOYS! DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO KEEP OUR APPOINTMENT AMID SUCH WRECKAGE!


MIGHT FIND A CLUE TO THIS WRECK IN THE ENGINEER'S CAB!
IT'LL BE A HOT CLUE!
THAT'S A HELP, BOYS! THIS TRAIN WON'T COOL FOR DAYS, AND TIME'S IMPORTANT!
S.P.
THE ENGINEER WAS THROWN CLEAR OUT THE WINDOW BY THE BLAST.. WHAT'S THIS, TORCH?
COULD HAVE BEEN A TIME BOMB PLANTED IN THE CAB! THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF WIRING TO GIVE US A CLUE!
THE PAIR EMERGE...
IT'S SABOTAGE, NOTHING BUT TIME BOMBS COULD HAVE DONE THIS! BUT WE HAVE NO PROOF... YET!
WELL...
NO, GENTLEMEN, WE WON'T FIND A CLUE IN THESE AND OTHER WRECKS! THE SABOTEURS HAVE CUNNINGLY SEEN TO THAT!
AH! THERE THEY GO! THE GOVERNMENT BEGS AMERICANS NOT TO TRAVEL... BUT LOOK AT THEM SPILLING OVER EACH OTHER, CLUTTERING UP THE TRAINS USED FOR VITAL TRANSPORTATION, BUT....
WASHINGTON
WASHINGTON
WHILE THE FLAME SLEUTHS CONFER WITH THE F.B.I. AND RAILROAD INSPECTORS IN COLORADO, THE SINISTER LOOKING FIGURES SMIRKINGLY SURVEYS THE CROWDS AS THEY POUR THRU THE GATES OF THE WORLDS BUSIEST TERMINAL IN NEW YORK....


IT MAKES OUR WORK EASIER! BEFORE THAT TRAIN GETS TO WASHINGTON...AHEM... ACCIDENT WILL OCCUR! VOLK, ARE YOU SURE THE SWITCH HAS BEEN ADJUSTED?
BUT CERTAINLY! I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES NOW! THOUSANDS DIE IN TRAIN WRECK—F.B.I. SAYS, "NO SABOTAGE!"
WE'VE COVERED THOUSANDS OF MILES IN LESS THAN A WEEK AND WE ARE NO NEARER A SOLUTION THAN WE WERE AT THE START OF THIS WAVE OF TERROR!
LUCKY THING THE PUBLIC DOESN'T KNOW HOW BAD THE SITUATION IS! WELL, HERE WE ARE AT ANOTHER WATCH TOWER, GUARD TO BE CHECKED!
NO. 15
MEANWHILE TORCH AND TORO HAVE BEEN GIVEN A FREE HAND TO TACKLE THE EVER DEEPENING MYSTERY OF THE WRECKS!
SECONDS LATER, THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY LOUD, ANGRY VOICES!
I'LL SAY! BOY, AND YOU HAD A HUNCH ONE OF THE KEYS TO THIS RIDDLE WOULD BE FOUND IN A WATCH TOWER!
THESE TOWERS ARE USUALLY QUIET AS TOMBS!
I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE---
WE'RE JUST IN TIME TO--
THE SWITCH-- OOOOOOOH!
THEN---
GIVE THIS KILLER A SMALL SAMPLE OF A BEATING HE'LL NEVER FORGET!
YOU'RE TOO LATE-- THAT TRAIN-- OW!
4


A FURIOUS EXCHANGE OF BLOWS FOLLOWS!
YOU'LL TELL US WHO'S BEHIND THIS OR---
I'LL NEVER TALK! EEEE! UGH!
LOSING HIS BALANCE, THE EVIL FIGURE CRASHES TO EARTH!
HE'S ONE NAZI WHO'S WORTH MORE ALIVE THAN DEAD! I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM TALK!
NO. 15
TORO, MEANWHILE, HAS REVIVED THE MAN IN CHARGE OF THE TOWER!
EASY, BURKE! YOU GOT A MEAN BUMP!
THE SWITCH--- GOT TO OPEN IT-- THAT NAZI KILLER PULLED THE SWITCH AND--
A DRAMATIC MOMENT--ONE FRAUGHT WITH LIFE AND DEATH TAKES PLACE!
THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS--BOY! PULL THE SWITCH! HARD ONE SECOND TO GO BEFORE THE TRAIN REACHES THE SIDING!
WHEW! MADE IT, OLD MAN! HEAR THAT? WE MADE IT! RELAX NOW! THE DOCTOR WILL LOOK AFTER YOUR HEAD!
OUTSIDE THE WATCH TOWER ANOTHER DRAMA!---
IS HE DEAD?
NOT YET--UNCONSCIOUS AND MUMBLING--WE'VE GOT TO REVIVE HIM-- JUST ONCE!
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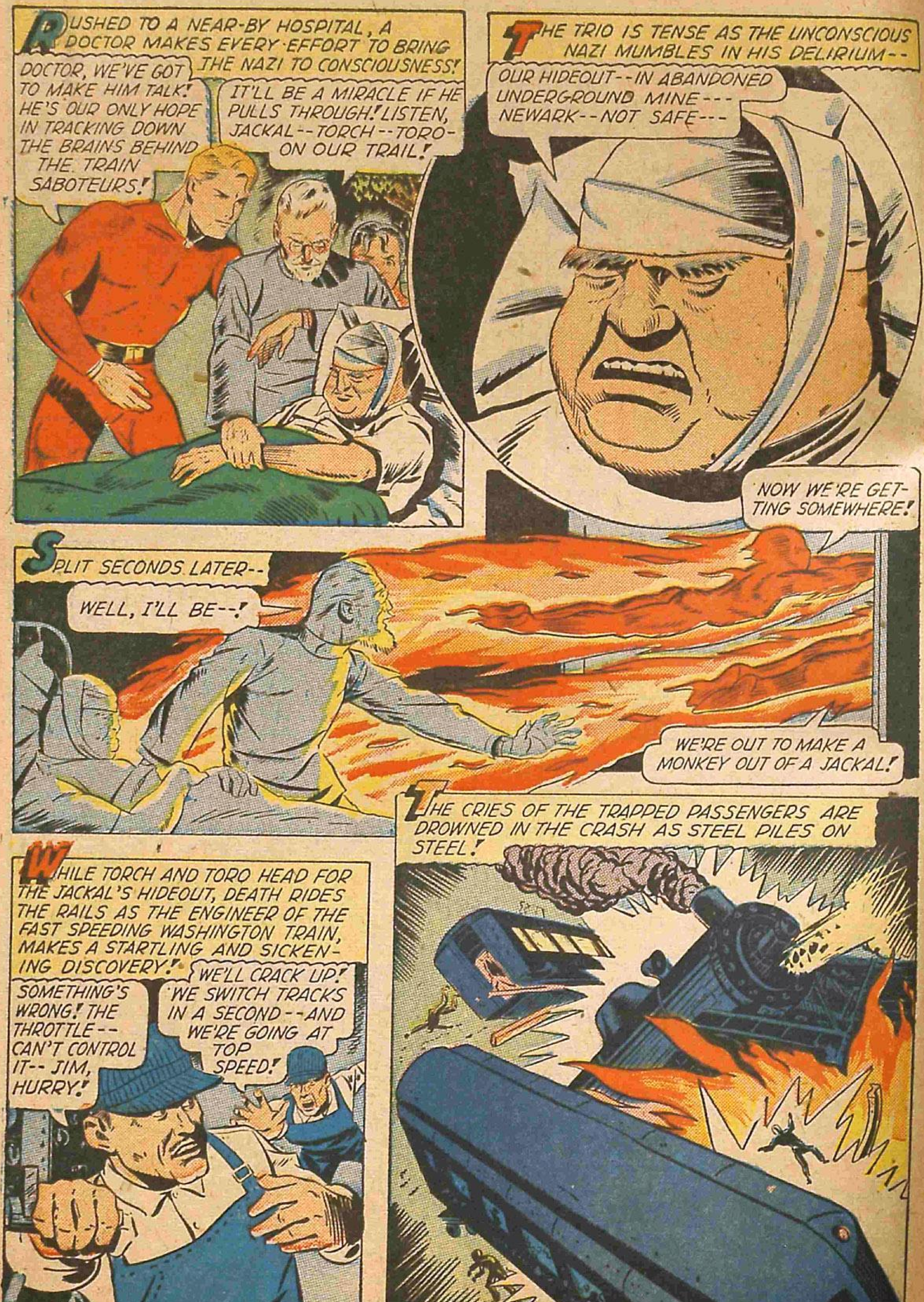
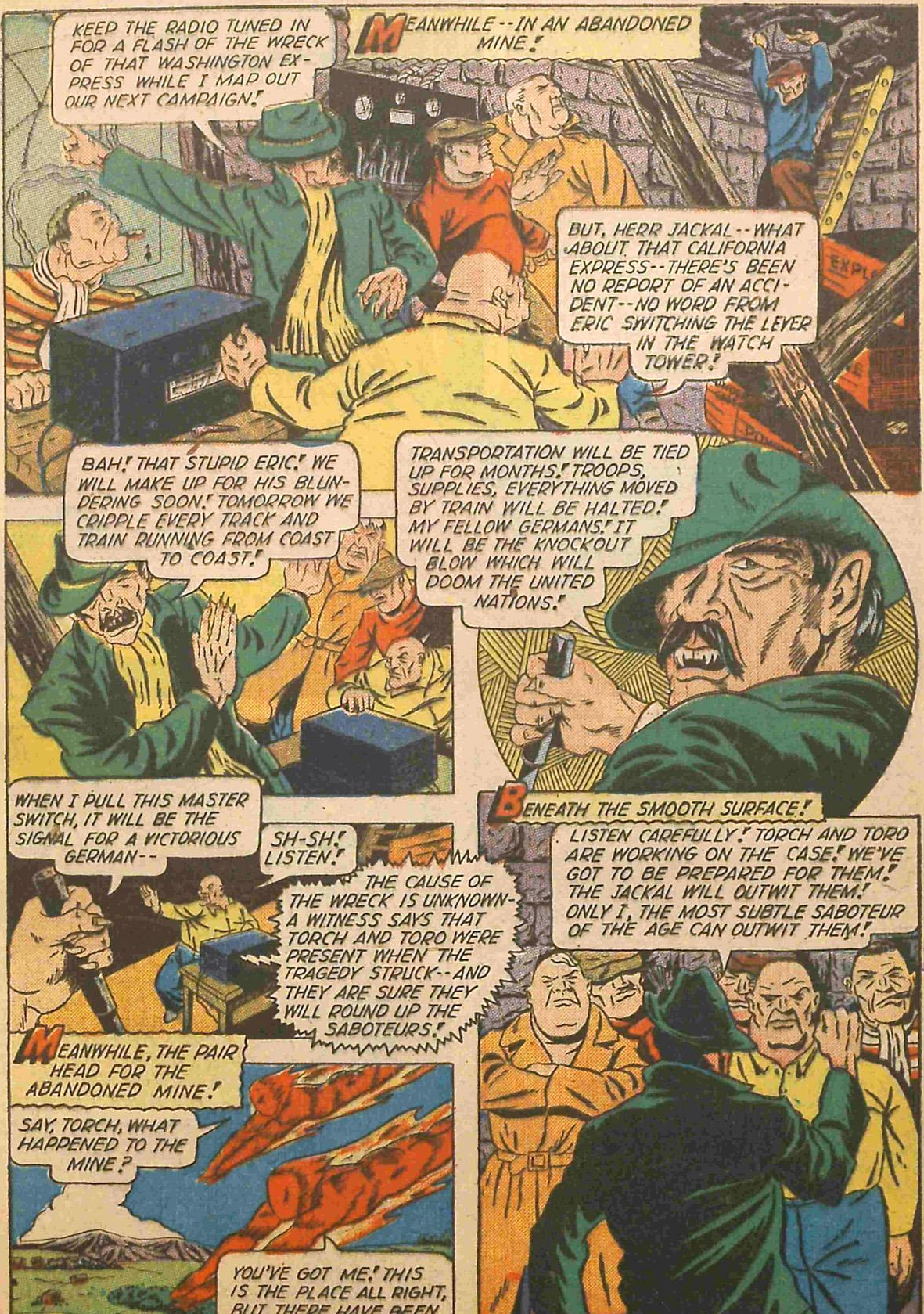
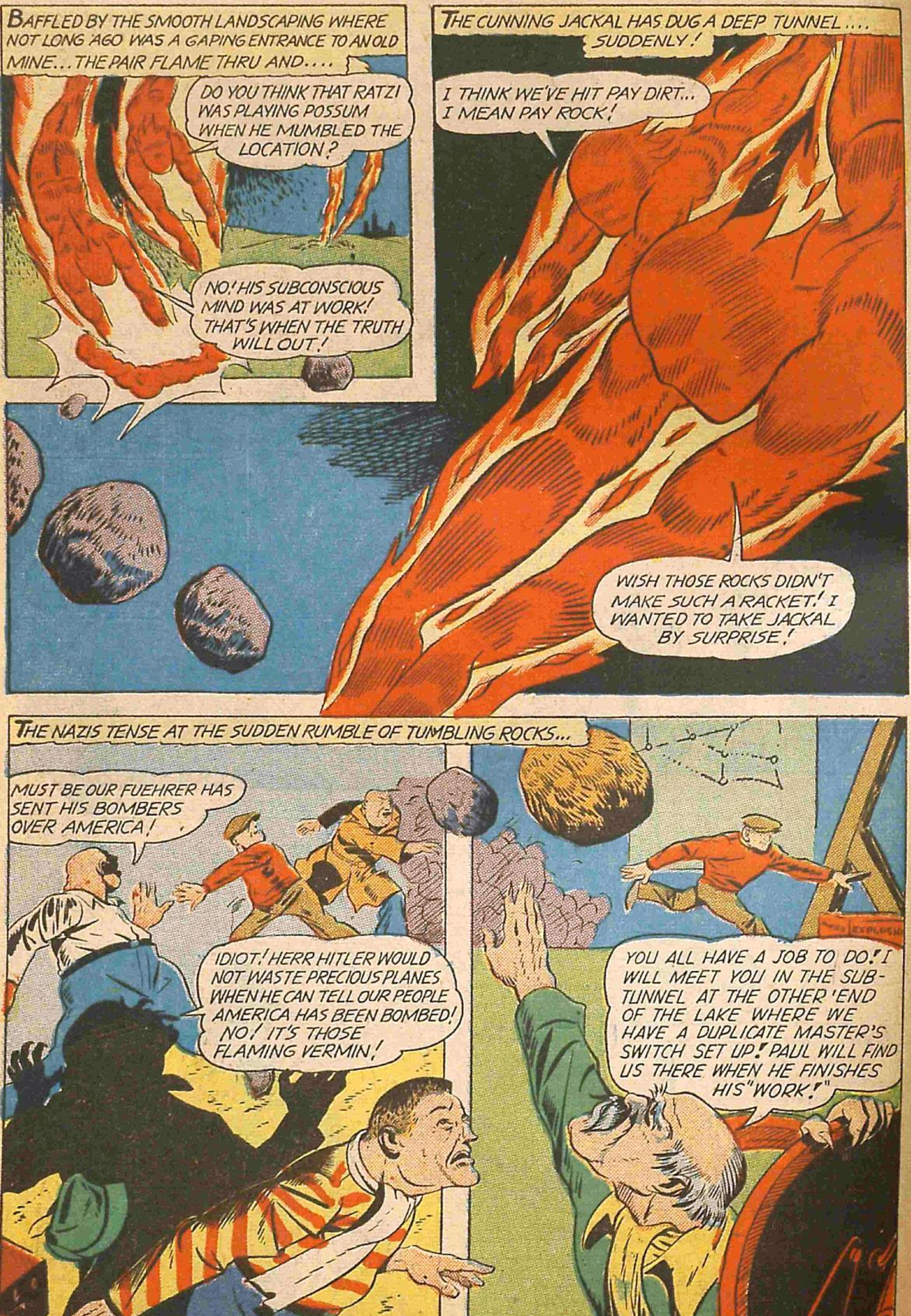
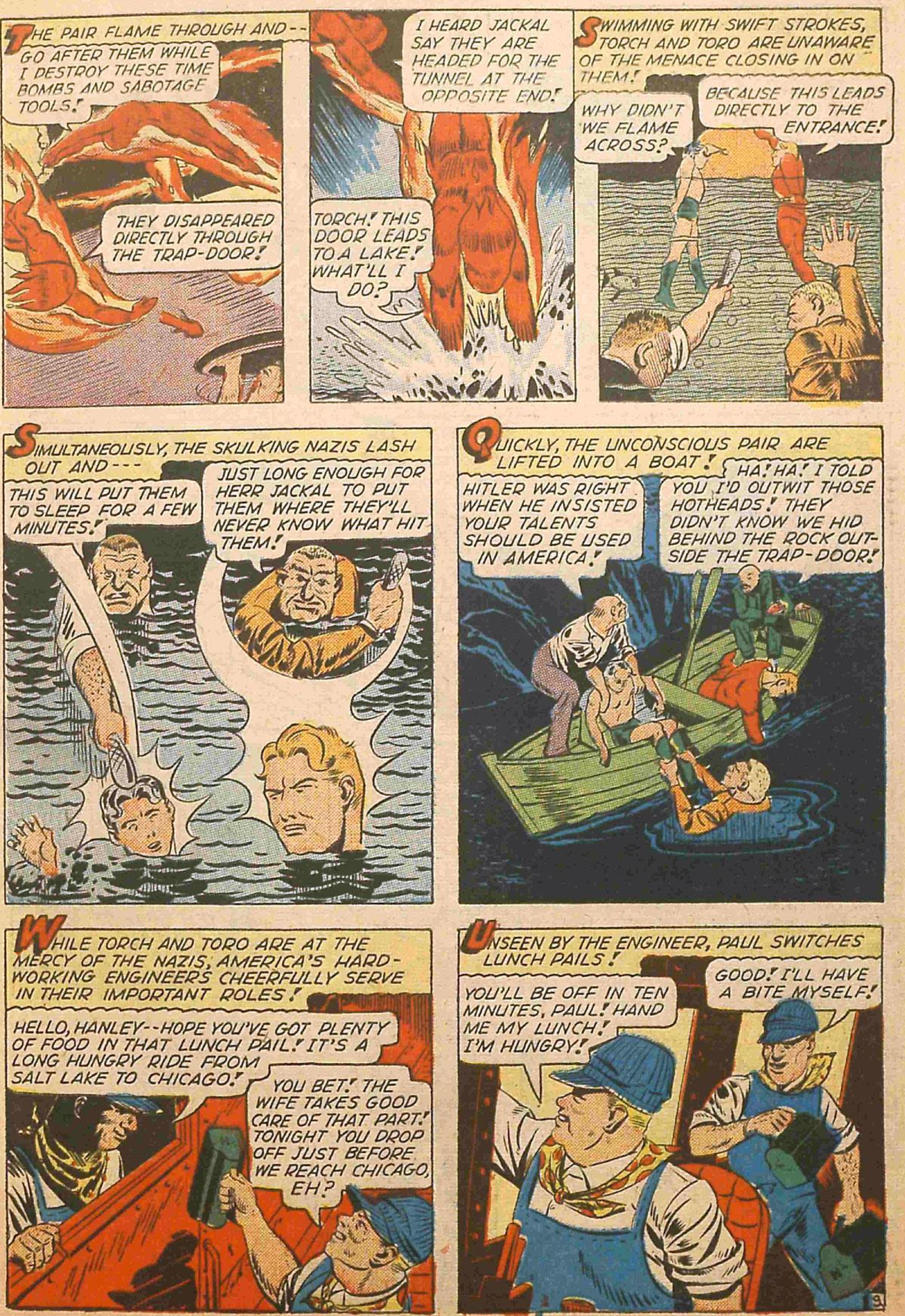
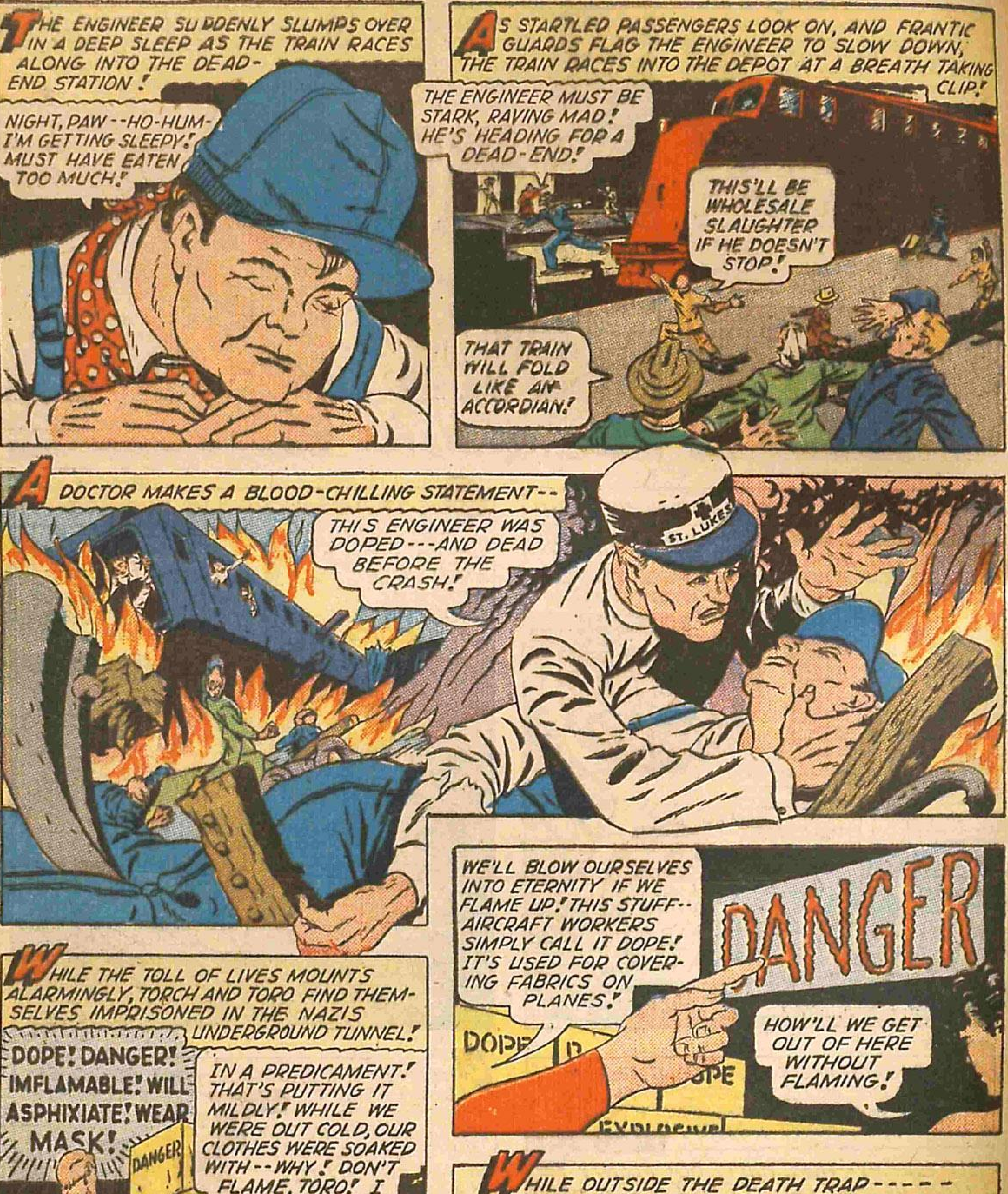
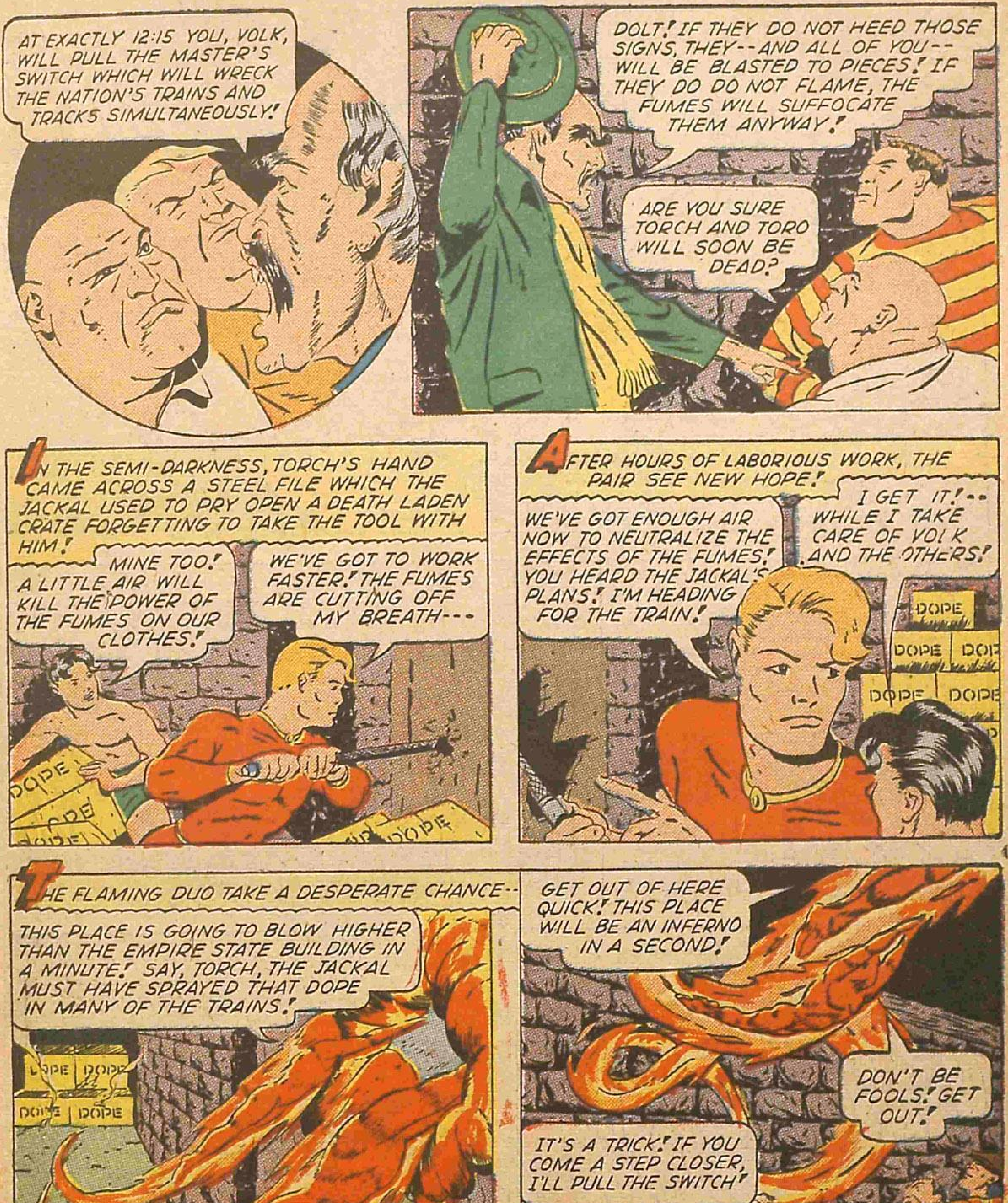

RUSHED TO A NEAR-BY HOSPITAL, A DOCTOR MAKES EVERY EFFORT TO BRING THE NAZI TO CONSCIOUSNESS!
DOCTOR, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM TALK! HE'S OUR ONLY HOPE IN TRACKING DOWN THE BRAINS BEHIND THE TRAIN SABOTEURS!
IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF HE PULLS THROUGH! LISTEN, JACKAL--TORCH--TORO--ON OUR TRAIL!
THE TRIO IS TENSE AS THE UNCONSCIOUS NAZI MUMBLES IN HIS DELIRIUM--
OUR HIDEOUT--IN ABANDONED UNDERGROUND MINE--- NEWARK--NOT SAFE---
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!
SPLIT SECONDS LATER--
WELL, I'LL BE--!
WE'RE OUT TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF A JACKAL!
WHILE TORCH AND TORO HEAD FOR THE JACKAL'S HIDEOUT, DEATH RIDES THE RAILS AS THE ENGINEER OF THE FAST SPEEDING WASHINGTON TRAIN, MAKES A STARTLING AND SICKENING DISCOVERY!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE THROTTLE--CAN'T CONTROL IT--JIM, HURRY!
WE'LL CRACK UP! WE SWITCH TRACKS IN A SECOND--AND WE'RE GOING AT TOP SPEED!
THE CRIES OF THE TRAPPED PASSENGERS ARE DROWNED IN THE CRASH AS STEEL PILES ON STEEL!

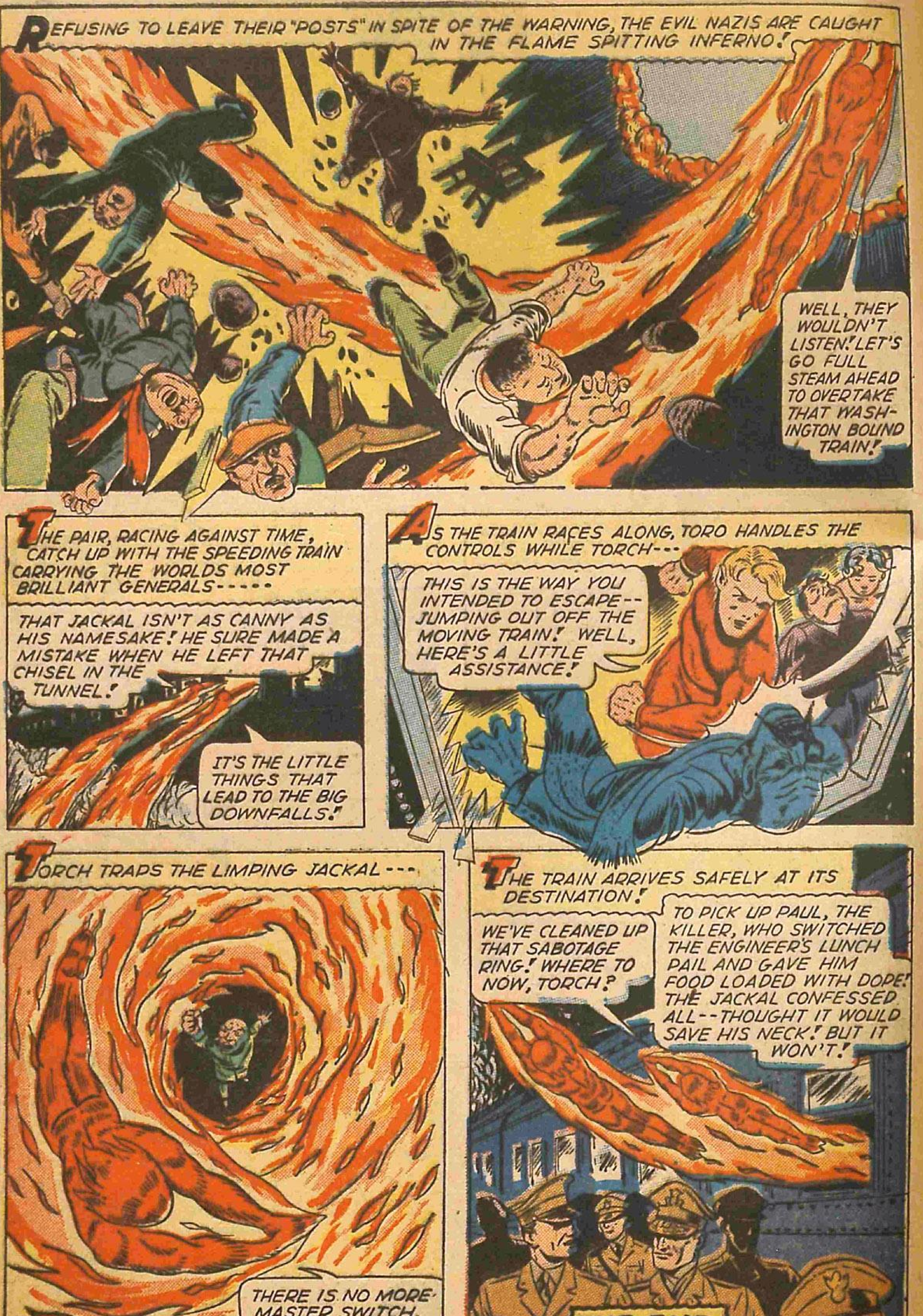

KEEP THE RADIO TUNED IN FOR A FLASH OF THE WRECK OF THAT WASHINGTON EXPRESS WHILE I MAP OUT OUR NEXT CAMPAIGN!
MEANWHILE--IN AN ABANDONED MINE!
BUT, HERR JACKAL--WHAT ABOUT THAT CALIFORNIA EXPRESS--THERE'S BEEN NO REPORT OF AN ACCIDENT--NO WORD FROM ERIC SWITCHING THE LEVER IN THE WATCH TOWER!
EXPLO
POW
BAH! THAT STUPID ERIC! WE WILL MAKE UP FOR HIS BLUNDERING SOON! TOMORROW WE CRIPPLE EVERY TRACK AND TRAIN RUNNING FROM COAST TO COAST!
TRANSPORTATION WILL BE TIED UP FOR MONTHS! TROOPS, SUPPLIES, EVERYTHING MOVED BY TRAIN WILL BE HALTED! MY FELLOW GERMANS! IT WILL BE THE KNOCKOUT BLOW WHICH WILL DOOM THE UNITED NATIONS!
WHEN I PULL THIS MASTER SWITCH, IT WILL BE THE SIGNAL FOR A VICTORIOUS GERMAN--
SH-SH! LISTEN!
THE CAUSE OF THE WRECK IS UNKNOWN-A WITNESS SAYS THAT TORCH AND TORO WERE PRESENT WHEN THE TRAGEDY STRUCK--AND THEY ARE SURE THEY WILL ROUND UP THE SABOTEURS!
BENEATH THE SMOOTH SURFACE!
LISTEN CAREFULLY! TORCH AND TORO ARE WORKING ON THE CASE! WE'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED FOR THEM! THE JACKAL WILL OUTWIT THEM! ONLY I, THE MOST SUBTLE SABOTEUR OF THE AGE CAN OUTWIT THEM!
MEANWHILE, THE PAIR HEAD FOR THE ABANDONED MINE!
SAY, TORCH, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MINE?
YOU'VE GOT ME! THIS IS THE PLACE ALL RIGHT, BUT THERE HAVE BEEN SOME CHANGES!

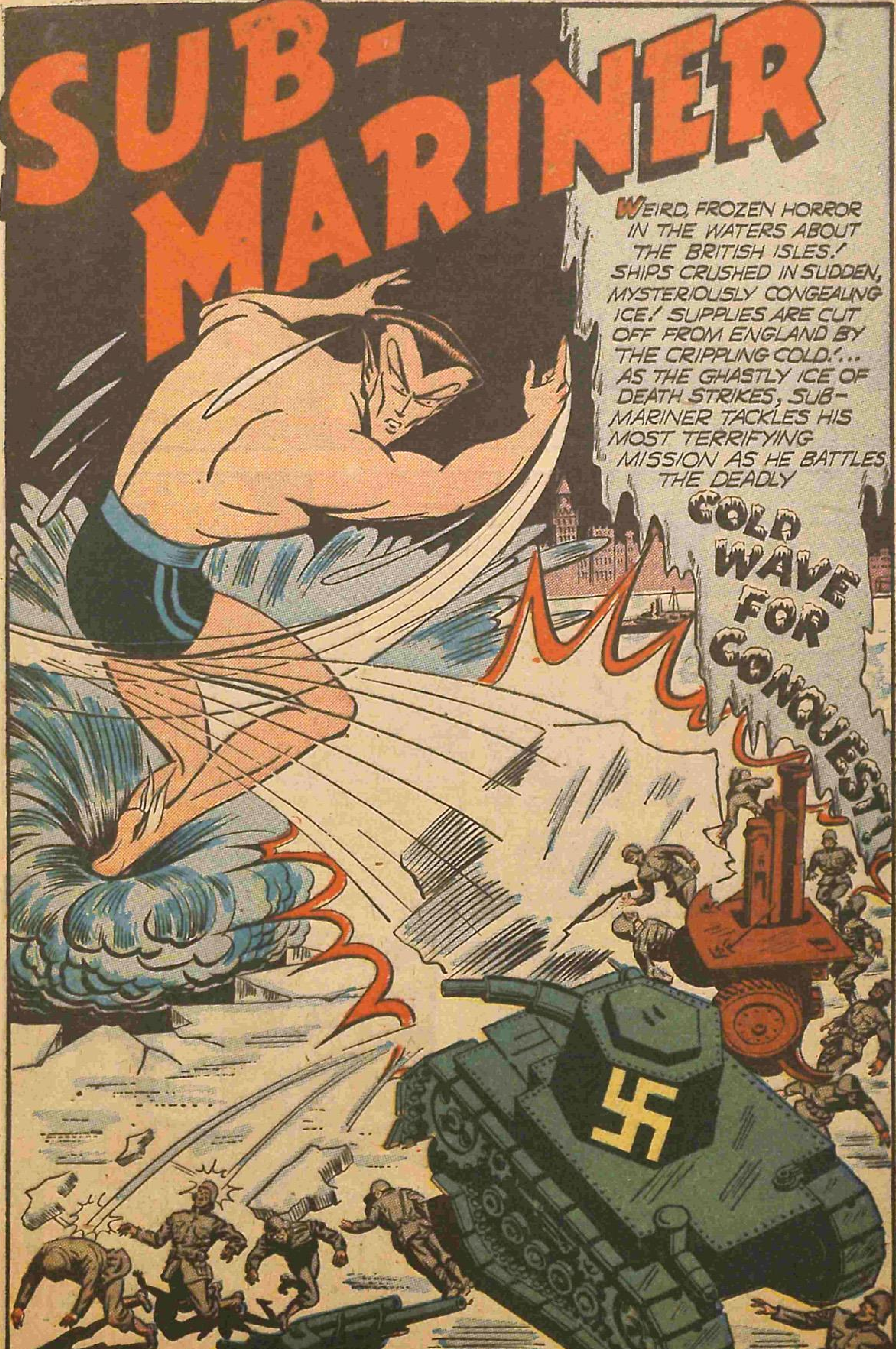

BAFFLED BY THE SMOOTH LANDSCAPING WHERE NOT LONG AGO WAS A GAPING ENTRANCE TO AN OLD MINE... THE PAIR FLAME THRU AND....
DO YOU THINK THAT RATZI WAS PLAYING POSSUM WHEN HE MUMBLED THE LOCATION?
NO! HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND WAS AT WORK! THAT'S WHEN THE TRUTH WILL OUT!
THE CUNNING JACKAL HAS DUG A DEEP TUNNEL.... SUDDENLY!
I THINK WE'VE HIT PAY DIRT... I MEAN PAY ROCK!
WISH THOSE ROCKS DIDN'T MAKE SUCH A RACKET! I WANTED TO TAKE JACKAL BY SURPRISE!
THE NAZIS TENSE AT THE SUDDEN RUMBLE OF TUMBLING ROCKS...
MUST BE OUR FUEHRER HAS SENT HIS BOMBERS OVER AMERICA!
IDIOT! HERR HITLER WOULD NOT WASTE PRECIOUS PLANES WHEN HE CAN TELL OUR PEOPLE AMERICA HAS BEEN BOMBED! NO! IT'S THOSE FLAMING VERMIN!
YOU ALL HAVE A JOB TO DO! I WILL MEET YOU IN THE SUB-TUNNEL AT THE OTHER END OF THE LAKE WHERE WE HAVE A DUPLICATE MASTER'S SWITCH SET UP! PAUL WILL FIND US THERE WHEN HE FINISHES HIS "WORK!"
EXPLOSIVE

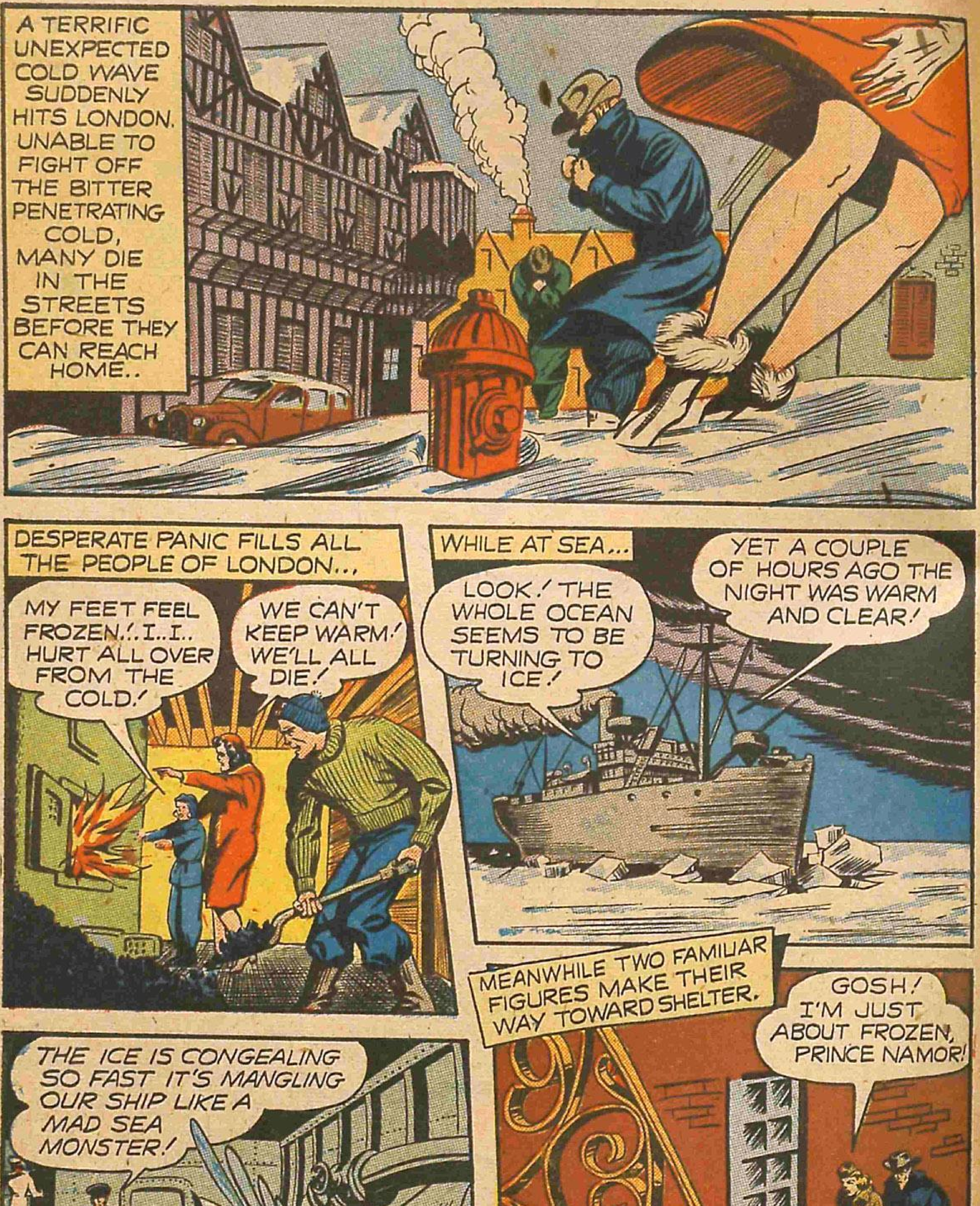

THE PAIR FLAME THROUGH AND--
GO AFTER THEM WHILE I DESTROY THESE TIME BOMBS AND SABOTAGE TOOLS!
THEY DISAPPEARED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR!
I HEARD JACKAL SAY THEY ARE HEADED FOR THE TUNNEL AT THE OPPOSITE END!
TORCH! THIS DOOR LEADS TO A LAKE! WHAT'LL I DO?
SWIMMING WITH SWIFT STROKES, STORCH AND TORO ARE UNAWARE OF THE MENACE CLOSING IN ON THEM!
WHY DIDN'T WE FLAME ACROSS?
BECAUSE THIS LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE ENTRANCE!
SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE SKULKING NAZIS LASH OUT AND---
THIS WILL PUT THEM TO SLEEP FOR A FEW MINUTES!
JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR HERR JACKAL TO PUT THEM WHERE THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!
QUICKLY, THE UNCONSCIOUS PAIR ARE LIFTED INTO A BOAT!
HITLER WAS RIGHT WHEN HE INSISTED YOUR TALENTS SHOULD BE USED IN AMERICA!
HA! HA! I TOLD YOU I'D OUTWIT THOSE HOTHEADS! THEY DIDN'T KNOW WE HID BEHIND THE ROCK OUTSIDE THE TRAP-DOOR!
WHILE TORCH AND TORO ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE NAZIS, AMERICA'S HARD-WORKING ENGINEERS CHEERFULLY SERVE IN THEIR IMPORTANT ROLES!
HELLO, HANLEY--HOPE YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF FOOD IN THAT LUNCH PAIL! IT'S A LONG HUNGRY RIDE FROM SALT LAKE TO CHICAGO!
YOU BET! THE WIFE TAKES GOOD CARE OF THAT PART! TONIGHT YOU DROP OFF JUST BEFORE WE REACH CHICAGO, EH?
UNSEEN BY THE ENGINEER, PAUL SWITCHES LUNCH PAILS!
YOU'LL BE OFF IN TEN MINUTES, PAUL! HAND ME MY LUNCH! I'M HUNGRY!
GOOD! I'LL HAVE A BITE MYSELF!

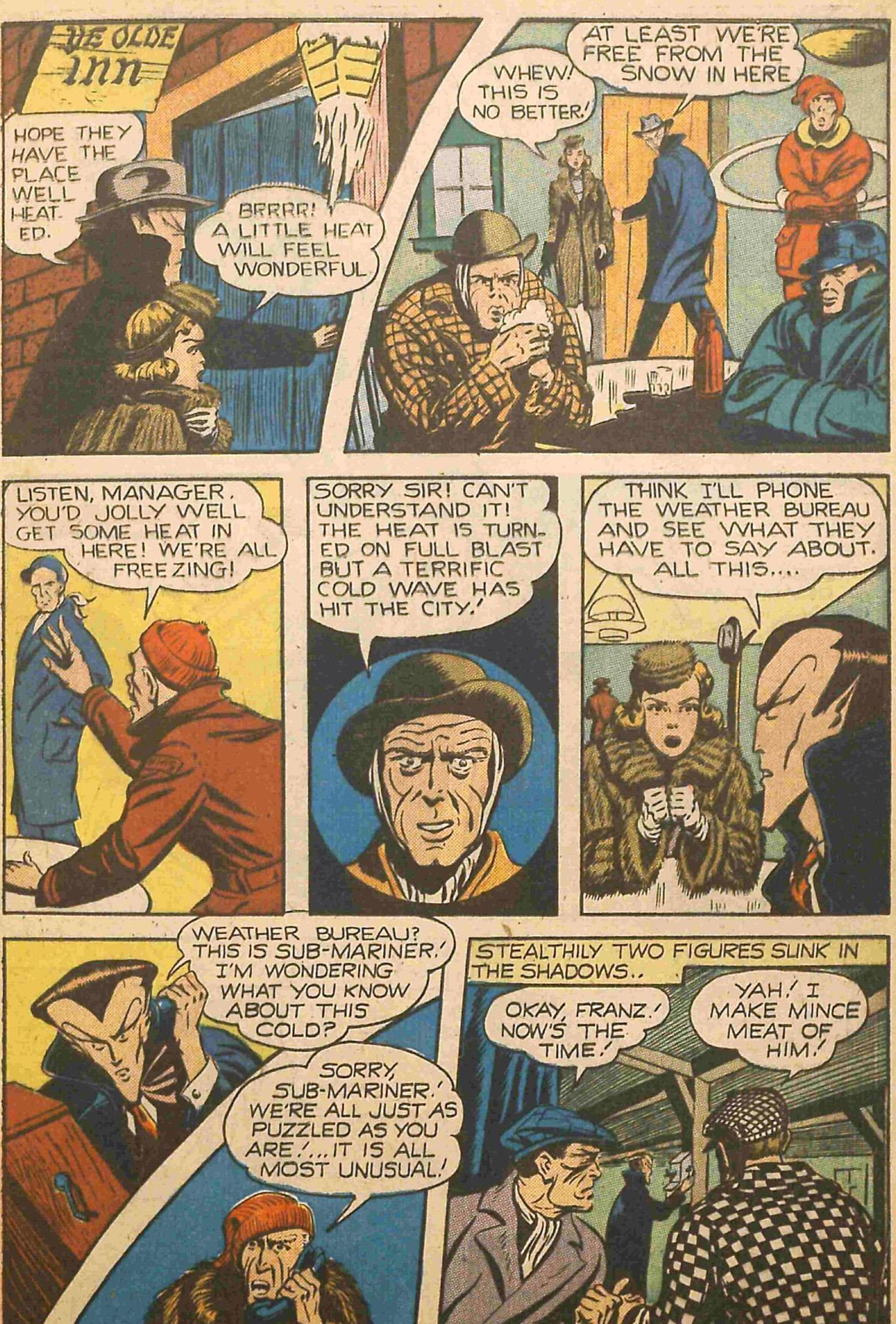

THE ENGINEER SUDDENLY SLUMPS OVER IN A DEEP SLEEP AS THE TRAIN RACES ALONG INTO THE DEAD-END STATION!
NIGHT, PAW--HO-HUM- I'M GETTING SLEEPY! MUST HAVE EATEN TOO MUCH!
AS STARTLED PASSENGERS LOOK ON, AND FRANTIC GUARDS FLAG THE ENGINEER TO SLOW DOWN, THE TRAIN RACES INTO THE DEPOT AT A BREATH TAKING CLIP!
THE ENGINEER MUST BE STARK, RAVING MAD! HE'S HEADING FOR A DEAD-END!
THIS'LL BE WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER IF HE DOESN'T STOP!
THAT TRAIN WILL FOLD LIKE AN ACCORDIAN!
A DOCTOR MAKES A BLOOD-CHILLING STATEMENT--
THIS ENGINEER WAS DOPED---AND DEAD BEFORE THE CRASH!
ST. LUKES
WHILE THE TOLL OF LIVES MOUNTS ALARMINGLY, TORCH AND TORO FIND THEMSELVES IMPRISONED IN THE NAZIS UNDERGROUND TUNNEL!
DOPE! DANGER! IMFLAMABLE! WILL ASPHIXIATE! WEAR MASK!
DANGER
DANGER
EXPLOSIVE
IN A PREDICAMENT! THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY! WHILE WE WERE OUT COLD, OUR CLOTHES WERE SOAKED WITH--WHY! DON'T FLAME, TORO! I RECOGNIZE THE FUMES NOW!
WHAT HAPPENED-- WHERE ARE WE?
WE'LL BLOW OURSELVES INTO ETERNITY IF WE FLAME UP! THIS STUFF-- AIRCRAFT WORKERS SIMPLY CALL IT DOPE! IT'S USED FOR COVERING FABRICS ON PLANES!
DANGER
DOPE
DOPE
HOW'LL WE GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT FLAMING!
WHILE OUTSIDE THE DEATH TRAP-----
WE'RE ALL SET TO FINISH OUR MISSION! I AM PERSONALLY GOING TO KNOCK OUT THE ENGINEER OF THE TRAIN CARRYING AMERICAN AND BRITISH GENERALS TO THAT MUCH-TOUTED PARLEY IN WASHINGTON! I WILL JUMP OFF THE TRAIN JUST BEFORE IT SKIDS OVER THE EMBANKMENT!

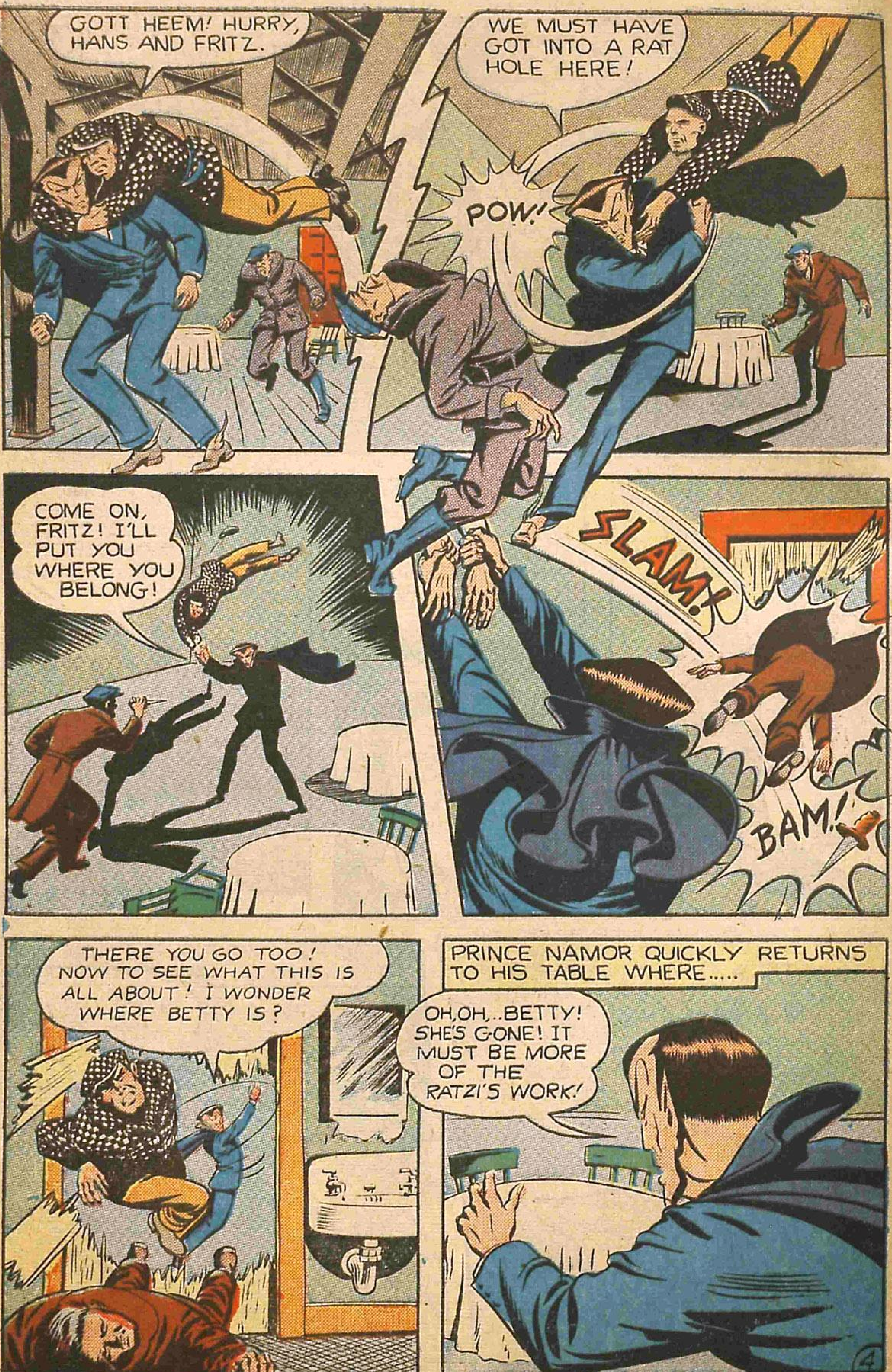

AT EXACTLY 12:15 YOU, VOLK, WILL PULL THE MASTER'S SWITCH WHICH WILL WRECK THE NATION'S TRAINS AND TRACKS SIMULTANEOUSLY!
DOLT! IF THEY DO NOT HEED THOSE SIGNS, THEY--AND ALL OF YOU--WILL BE BLASTED TO PIECES! IF THEY DO DO NOT FLAME, THE FUMES WILL SUFFOCATE THEM ANYWAY!
ARE YOU SURE TORCH AND TORO WILL SOON BE DEAD?
IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS, TORCH'S HAND CAME ACROSS A STEEL FILE WHICH THE JACKAL USED TO PRY OPEN A DEATH LADEN CRATE FORGETTING TO TAKE THE TOOL WITH HIM!
MINE TOO! A LITTLE AIR WILL KILL THE POWER OF THE FUMES ON OUR CLOTHES!
WE'VE GOT TO WORK FASTER! THE FUMES ARE CUTTING OFF MY BREATH---
DOPE
AFTER HOURS OF LABORIOUS WORK, THE PAIR SEE NEW HOPE!
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH AIR NOW TO NEUTRALIZE THE EFFECTS OF THE FUMES! YOU HEARD THE JACKAL'S PLANS! I'M HEADING FOR THE TRAIN!
I GET IT!--WHILE I TAKE CARE OF VOLK AND THE OTHERS!
DOPE
THE FLAMING DUO TAKE A DESPERATE CHANCE--
THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BLOW HIGHER THAN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING IN A MINUTE! SAY, TORCH, THE JACKAL MUST HAVE SPRAYED THAT DOPE IN MANY OF THE TRAINS!
DOPE
FLAME HIGH, TORO! THESE CASES ARE BEGINNING TO SIZZLE! TOO MUCH HEAT IN THAT ROOM!
GET OUT OF HERE QUICK! THIS PLACE WILL BE AN INFERNO IN A SECOND!
DON'T BE FOOLS! GET OUT!
IT'S A TRICK! IF YOU COME A STEP CLOSER, I'LL PULL THE SWITCH!

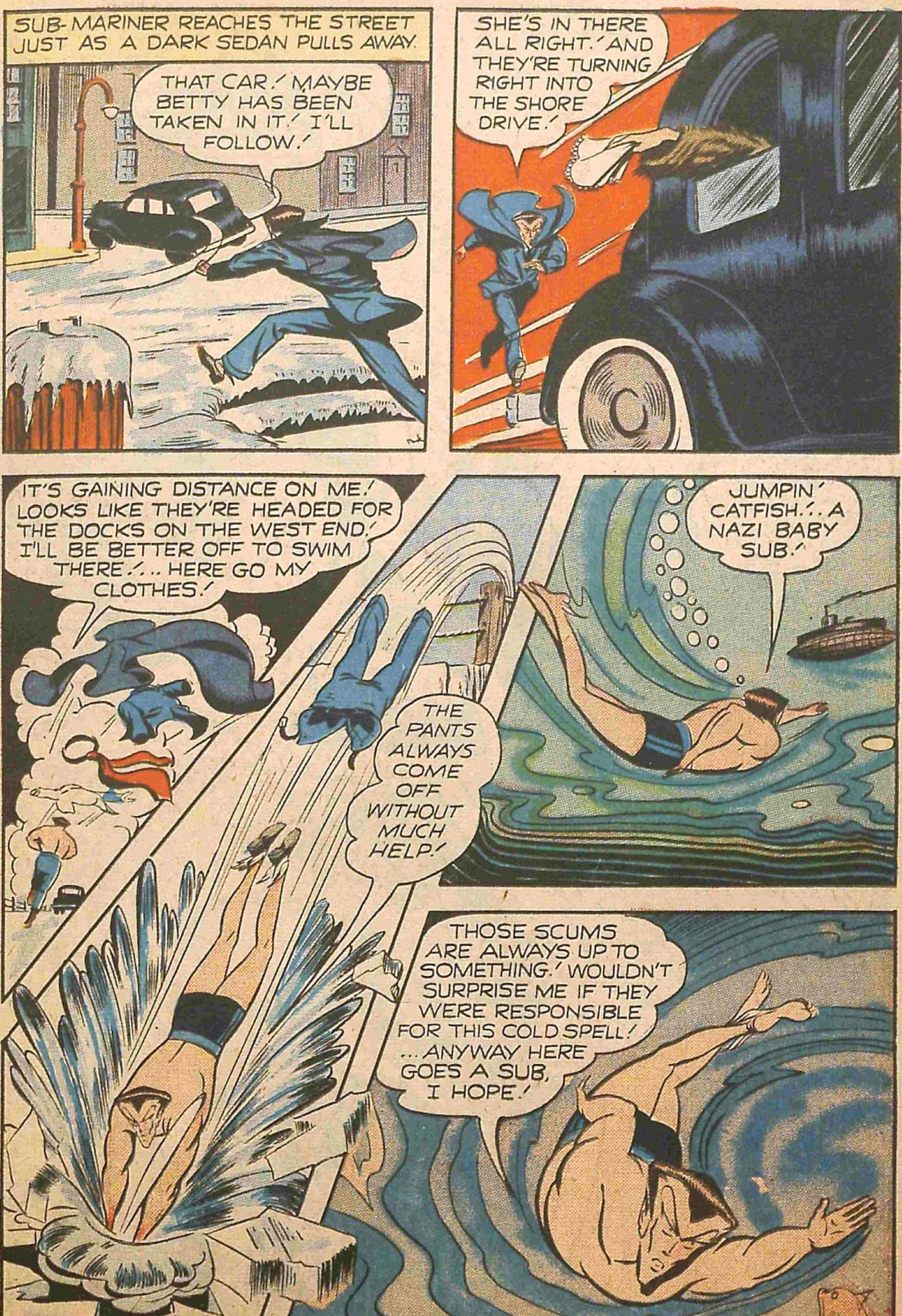

REFUSING TO LEAVE THEIR "POSTS" IN SPITE OF THE WARNING, THE EVIL NAZIS ARE CAUGHT IN THE FLAME SPITTING INFERNO!
WELL, THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN! LET'S GO FULL STEAM AHEAD TO OVERTAKE THAT WASHINGTON BOUND TRAIN!
THE PAIR, RACING AGAINST TIME, CATCH UP WITH THE SPEEDING TRAIN CARRYING THE WORLDS MOST BRILLIANT GENERALS-----
THAT JACKAL ISN'T AS CANNY AS HIS NAMESAKE! HE SURE MADE A MISTAKE WHEN HE LEFT THAT CHISEL IN THE TUNNEL!
IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT LEAD TO THE BIG DOWNFALLS!
AS THE TRAIN RACES ALONG, TORO HANDLES THE CONTROLS WHILE TORCH---
THIS IS THE WAY YOU INTENDED TO ESCAPE--JUMPING OUT OFF THE MOVING TRAIN! WELL, HERE'S A LITTLE ASSISTANCE!
TORCH TRAPS THE LIMPING JACKAL---
THERE IS NO MORE MASTER SWITCH, MR. GENIUS!
THE TRAIN ARRIVES SAFELY AT ITS DESTINATION!
WE'VE CLEANED UP THAT SABOTAGE RING! WHERE TO NOW, TORCH?
TO PICK UP PAUL, THE KILLER, WHO SWITCHED THE ENGINEER'S LUNCH PAIL AND GAVE HIM FOOD LOADED WITH DOPE! THE JACKAL CONFESSED ALL--THOUGHT IT WOULD SAVE HIS NECK! BUT IT WON'T!
THE END


SUB-MARINER
WEIRD, FROZEN HORROR IN THE WATERS ABOUT THE BRITISH ISLES! SHIPS CRUSHED IN SUDDEN, MYSTERIOUSLY CONGEALING ICE! SUPPLIES ARE CUT OFF FROM ENGLAND BY THE CRIPPLING COLD!... AS THE GHASTLY ICE OF DEATH STRIKES, SUB-MARINER TACKLES HIS MOST TERRIFYING MISSION AS HE BATTLES THE DEADLY
COLD WAVE FOR CONQUEST!


A TERRIFIC UNEXPECTED COLD WAVE SUDDENLY HITS LONDON. UNABLE TO FIGHT OFF THE BITTER PENETRATING COLD, MANY DIE IN THE STREETS BEFORE THEY CAN REACH HOME..
DESPERATE PANIC FILLS ALL THE PEOPLE OF LONDON...
MY FEET FEEL FROZEN!..I..I.. HURT ALL OVER FROM THE COLD!
WE CAN'T KEEP WARM! WE'LL ALL DIE!
WHILE AT SEA...
LOOK! THE WHOLE OCEAN SEEMS TO BE TURNING TO ICE!
YET A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO THE NIGHT WAS WARM AND CLEAR!
THE ICE IS CONGEALING SO FAST IT'S MANGLING OUR SHIP LIKE A MAD SEA MONSTER!
MEANWHILE TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD SHELTER.
GOSH! I'M JUST ABOUT FROZEN, PRINCE NAMOR!
YE OLDE INN
2


YE OLDE INN
HOPE THEY HAVE THE PLACE WELL HEATED.
BRRRR! A LITTLE HEAT WILL FEEL WONDERFUL
WHEW! THIS IS NO BETTER!
AT LEAST WE'RE FREE FROM THE SNOW IN HERE
LISTEN, MANAGER. YOU'D JOLLY WELL GET SOME HEAT IN HERE! WE'RE ALL FREEZING!
SORRY SIR! CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE HEAT IS TURNED ON FULL BLAST BUT A TERRIFIC COLD WAVE HAS HIT THE CITY!
THINK I'LL PHONE THE WEATHER BUREAU AND SEE WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY ABOUT. ALL THIS....
WEATHER BUREAU? THIS IS SUB-MARINER! I'M WONDERING WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS COLD?
SORRY, SUB-MARINER! WE'RE ALL JUST AS PUZZLED AS YOU ARE!... IT IS ALL MOST UNUSUAL!
STEALTHILY TWO FIGURES SLINK IN THE SHADOWS..
OKAY, FRANZ! NOW'S THE TIME!
YAH! I MAKE MINCE MEAT OF HIM!
3


GOTT HEEM! HURRY, HANS AND FRITZ.
WE MUST HAVE GOT INTO A RAT HOLE HERE!
POW!
COME ON, FRITZ! I'LL PUT YOU WHERE YOU BELONG!
SLAM!
BAM!
THERE YOU GO TOO! NOW TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! I WONDER WHERE BETTY IS?
PRINCE NAMOR QUICKLY RETURNS TO HIS TABLE WHERE.....
OH,OH,..BETTY! SHE'S GONE! IT MUST BE MORE OF THE RATZI'S WORK!
4


SUB-MARINER REACHES THE STREET JUST AS A DARK SEDAN PULLS AWAY.
THAT CAR! MAYBE BETTY HAS BEEN TAKEN IN IT! I'LL FOLLOW!
SHE'S IN THERE ALL RIGHT! AND THEY'RE TURNING RIGHT INTO THE SHORE DRIVE!
IT'S GAINING DISTANCE ON ME! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE DOCKS ON THE WEST END! I'LL BE BETTER OFF TO SWIM THERE!.. HERE GO MY CLOTHES!
THE PANTS ALWAYS COME OFF WITHOUT MUCH HELP!
JUMPIN' CATFISH!.. A NAZI BABY SUB!
THOSE SCUMS ARE ALWAYS UP TO SOMETHING! WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF THEY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS COLD SPELL! ...ANYWAY HERE GOES A SUB, I HOPE!
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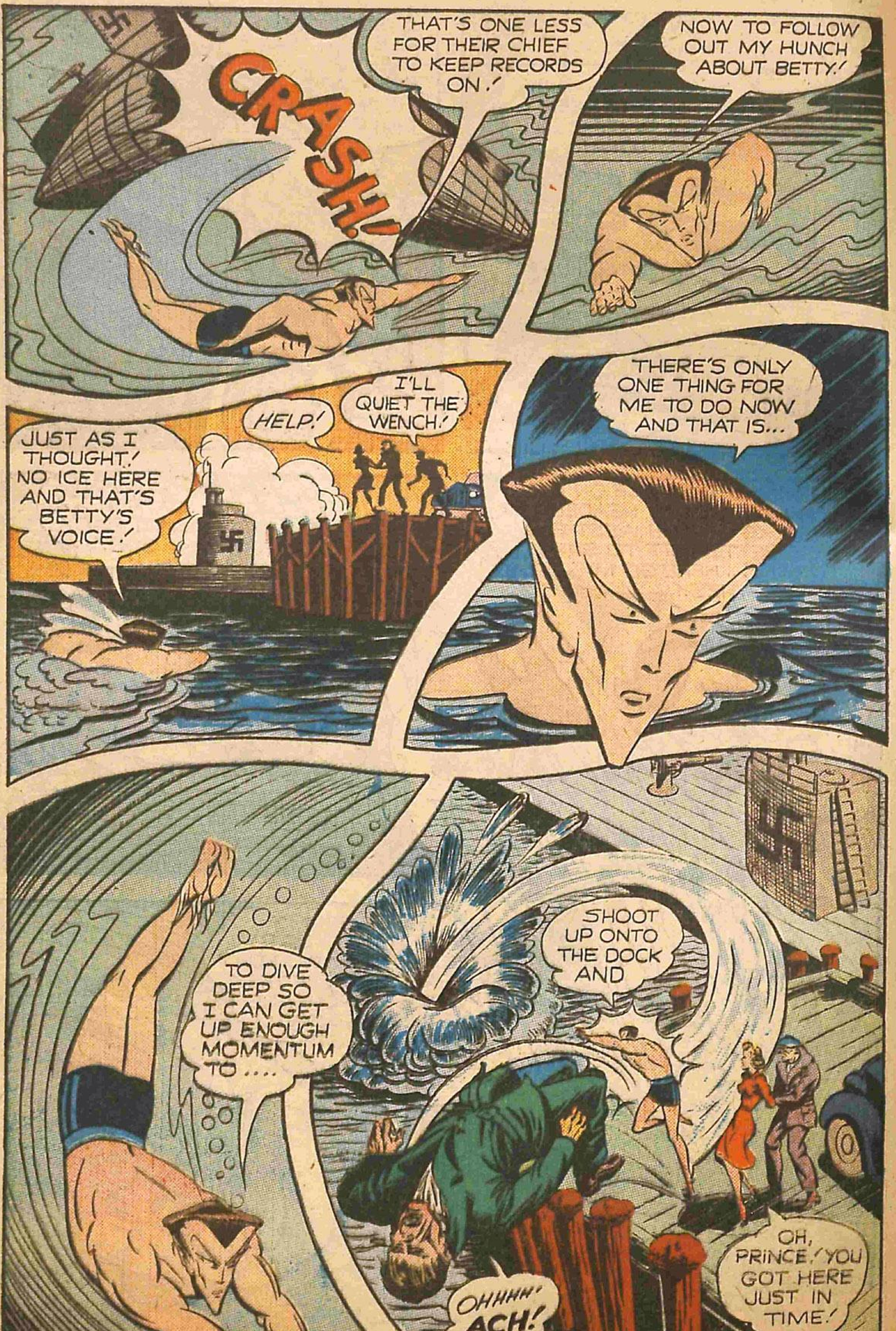
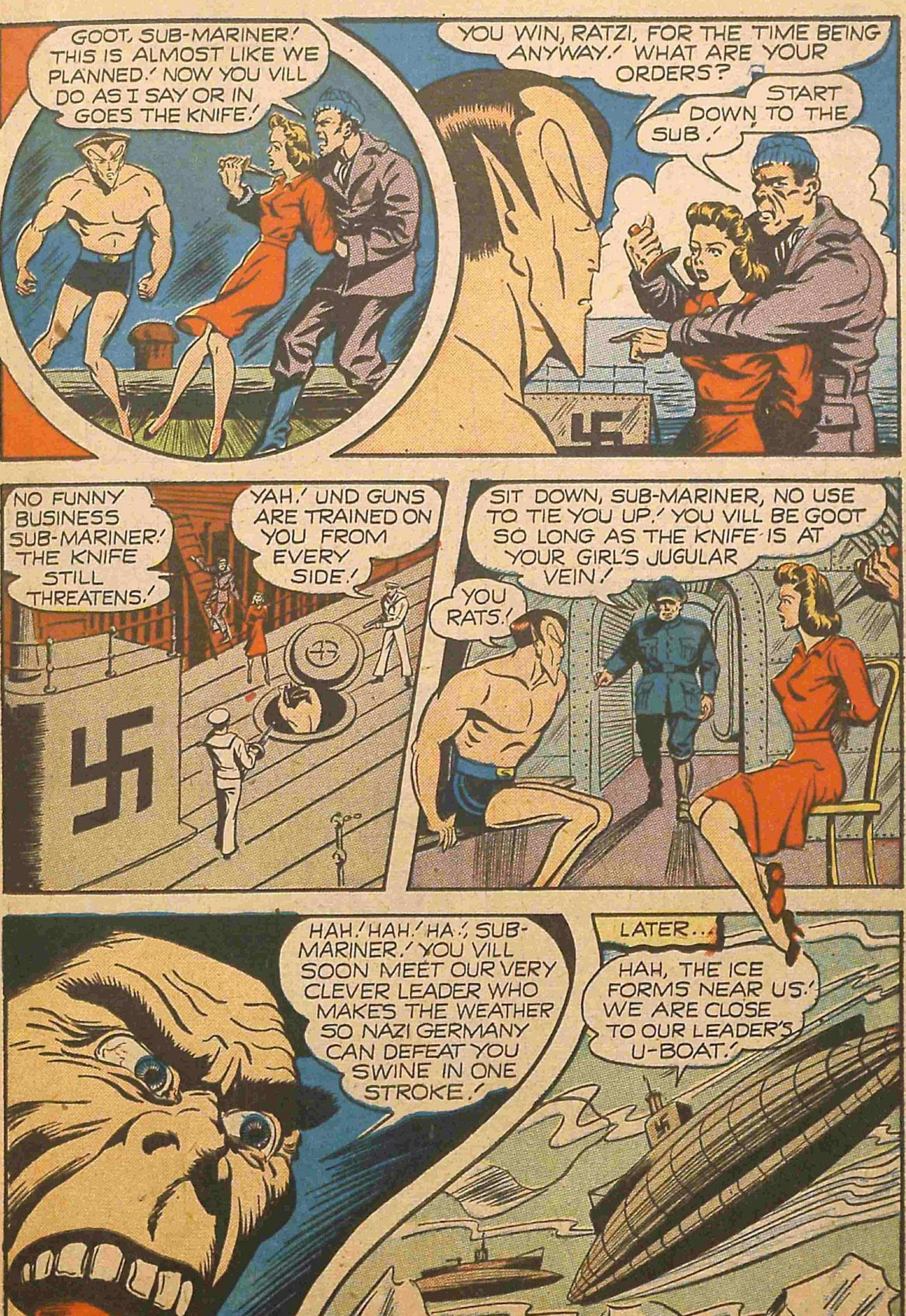
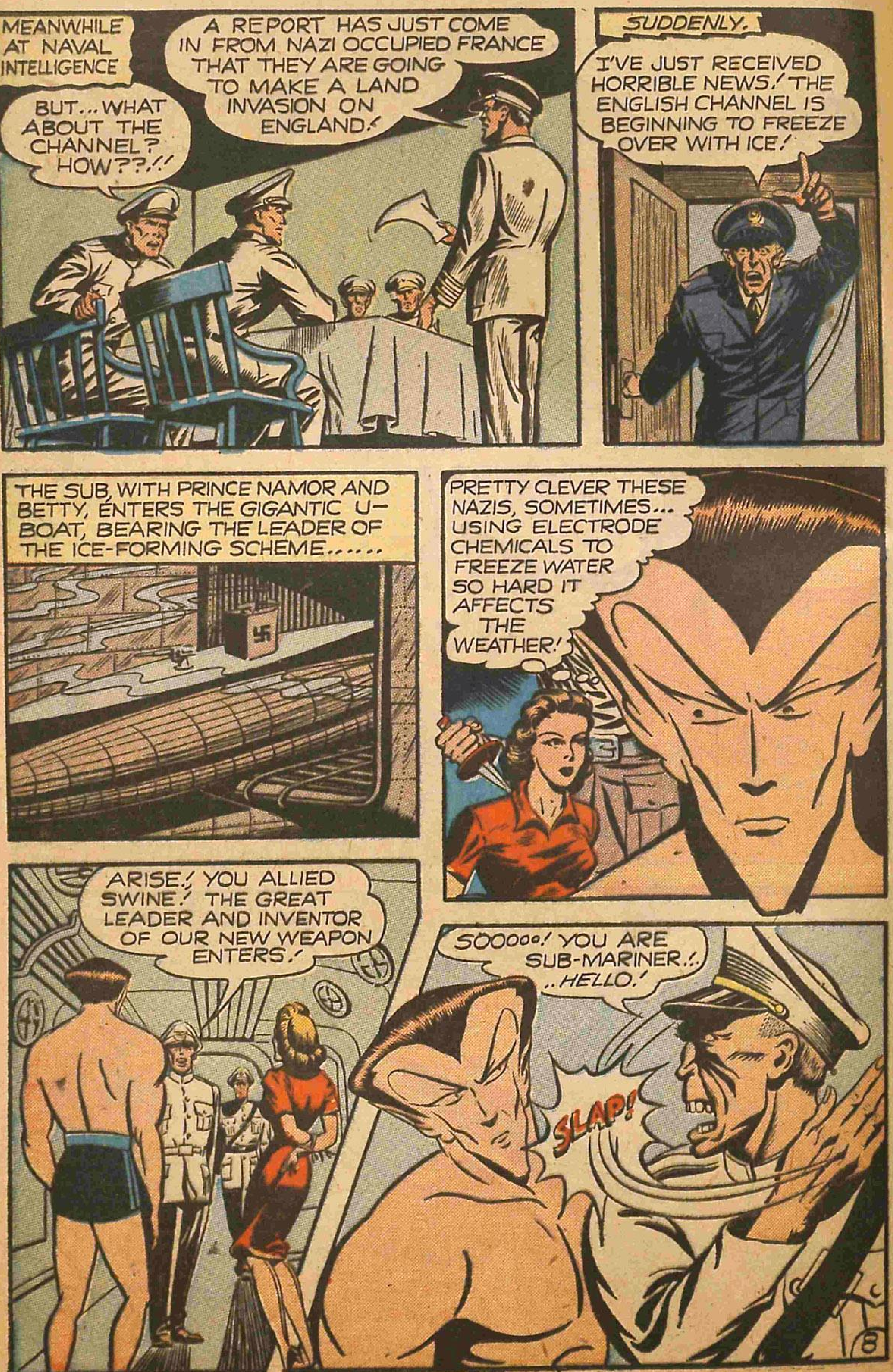
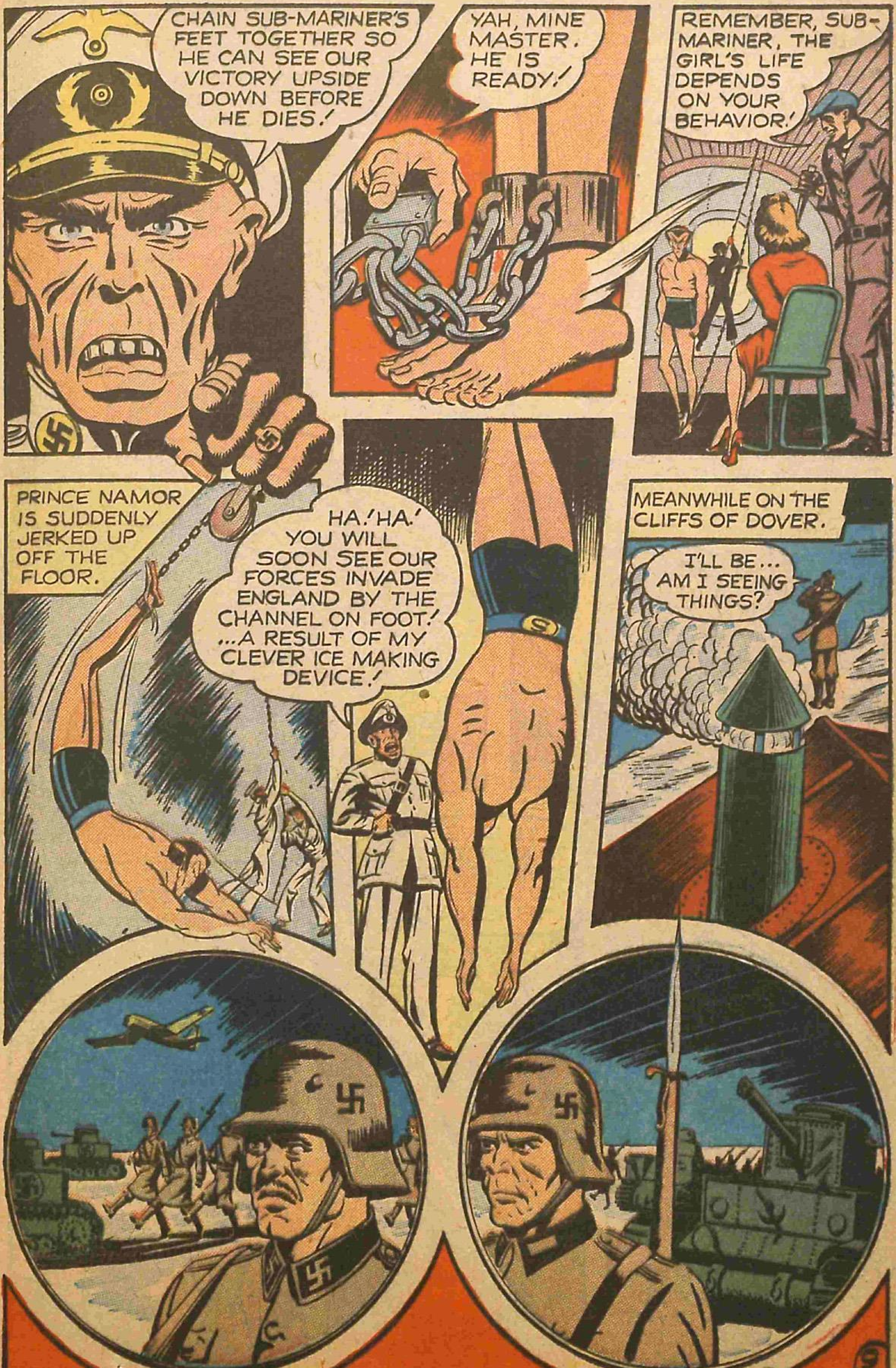
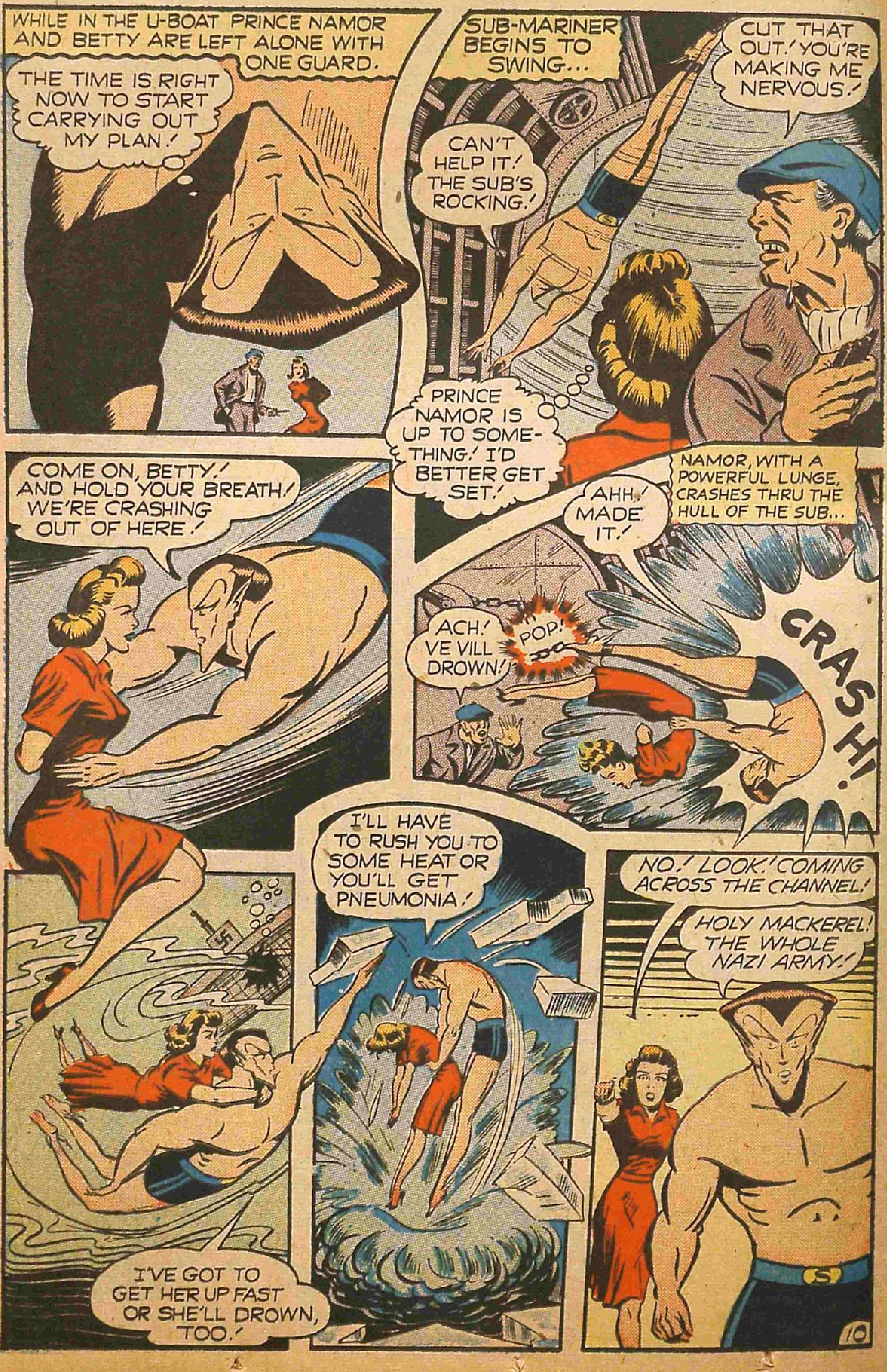
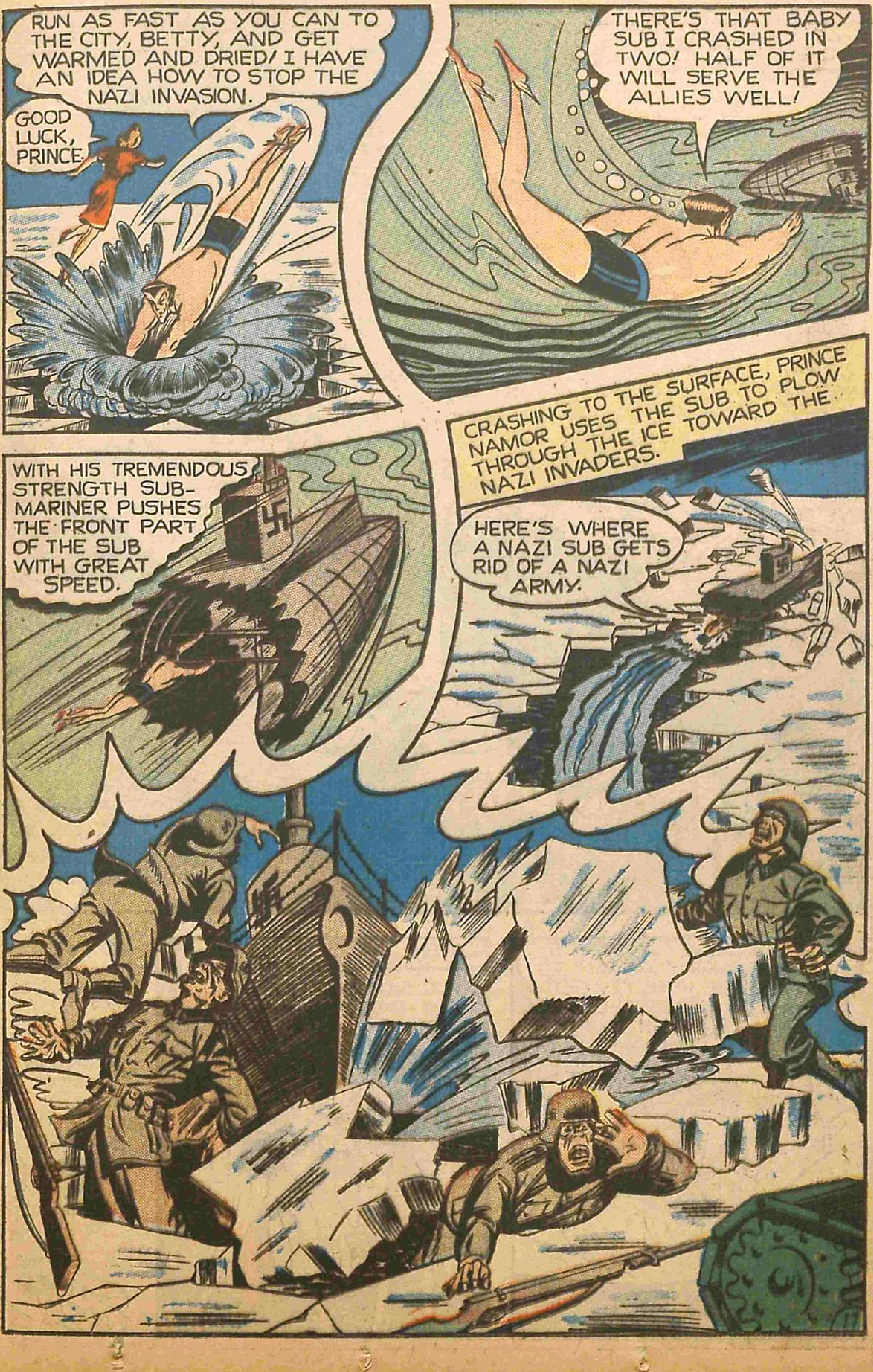

CRASH!
THAT'S ONE LESS FOR THEIR CHIEF TO KEEP RECORDS ON.!
NOW TO FOLLOW OUT MY HUNCH ABOUT BETTY.!
HELP!
I'LL QUIET THE WENCH.!
JUST AS I THOUGHT.! NO ICE HERE AND THAT'S BETTY'S VOICE.!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO DO NOW AND THAT IS...
TO DIVE DEEP SO I CAN GET UP ENOUGH MOMENTUM TO....
SHOOT UP ONTO THE DOCK AND
OHHHH! ACH!
OH, PRINCE.! YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME.!
6.

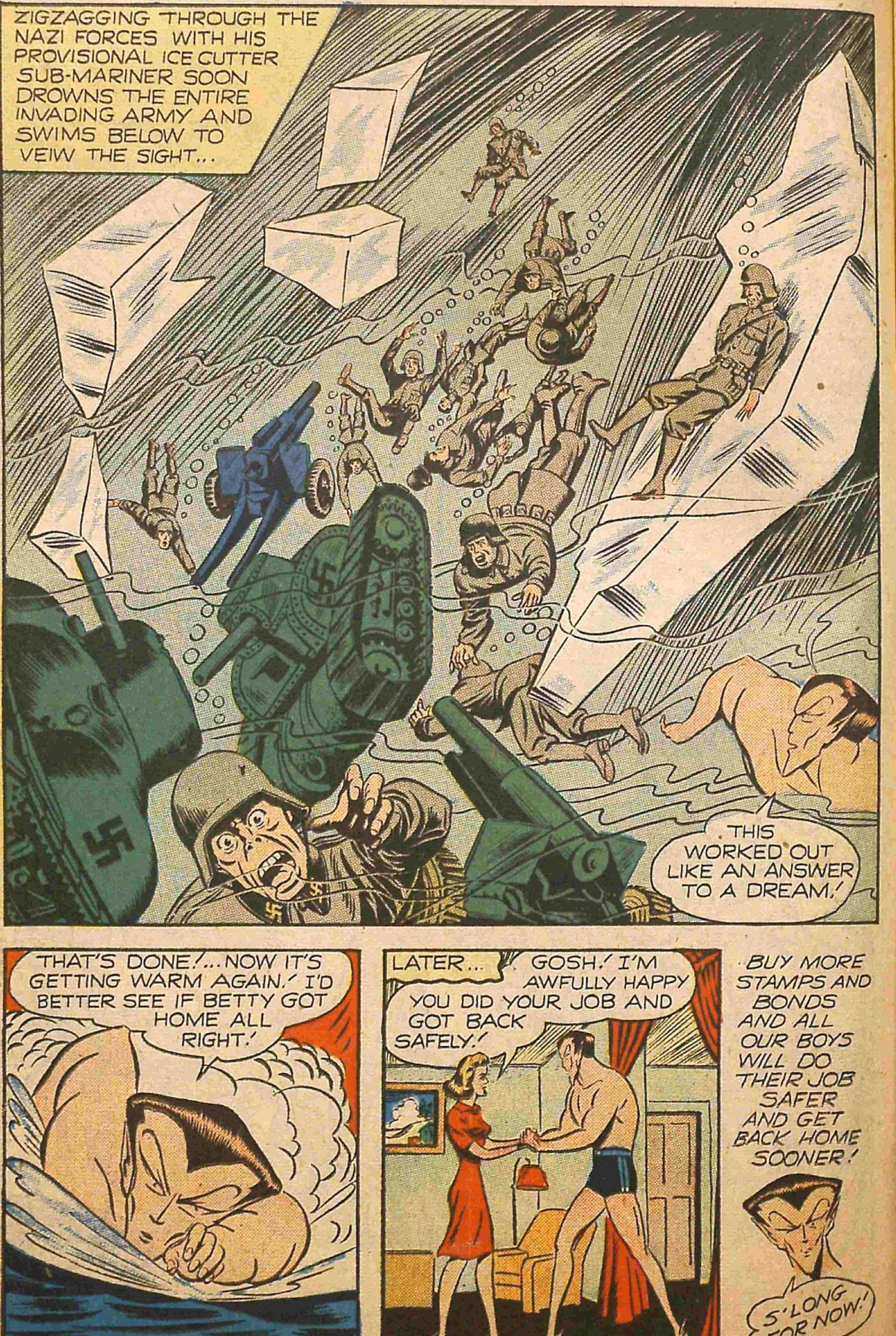

GOOT, SUB-MARINER! THIS IS ALMOST LIKE WE PLANNED! NOW YOU VILL DO AS I SAY OR IN GOES THE KNIFE!
YOU WIN, RATZI, FOR THE TIME BEING ANYWAY! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?
START DOWN TO THE SUB!
NO FUNNY BUSINESS SUB-MARINER! THE KNIFE STILL THREATENS!
YAH! UND GUNS ARE TRAINED ON YOU FROM EVERY SIDE!
SIT DOWN, SUB-MARINER, NO USE TO TIE YOU UP! YOU VILL BE GOOT SO LONG AS THE KNIFE IS AT YOUR GIRL'S JUGULAR VEIN!
YOU RATS!
HAH! HAH! HA!, SUB-MARINER! YOU VILL SOON MEET OUR VERY CLEVER LEADER WHO MAKES THE WEATHER SO NAZI GERMANY CAN DEFEAT YOU SWINE IN ONE STROKE!
LATER...
HAH, THE ICE FORMS NEAR US! WE ARE CLOSE TO OUR LEADER'S U-BOAT!


MEANWHILE AT NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
A REPORT HAS JUST COME IN FROM NAZI OCCUPIED FRANCE THAT THEY ARE GOING TO MAKE A LAND INVASION ON ENGLAND!
BUT...WHAT ABOUT THE CHANNEL? HOW??!!
SUDDENLY,
I'VE JUST RECEIVED HORRIBLE NEWS! THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IS BEGINNING TO FREEZE OVER WITH ICE!
THE SUB, WITH PRINCE NAMOR AND BETTY, ENTERS THE GIGANTIC U-BOAT, BEARING THE LEADER OF THE ICE-FORMING SCHEME......
PRETTY CLEVER THESE NAZIS, SOMETIMES... USING ELECTRODE CHEMICALS TO FREEZE WATER SO HARD IT AFFECTS THE WEATHER!
ARISE! YOU ALLIED SWINE! THE GREAT LEADER AND INVENTOR OF OUR NEW WEAPON ENTERS!
SOOOOO! YOU ARE SUB-MARINER!! ..HELLO!
SLAP!
8

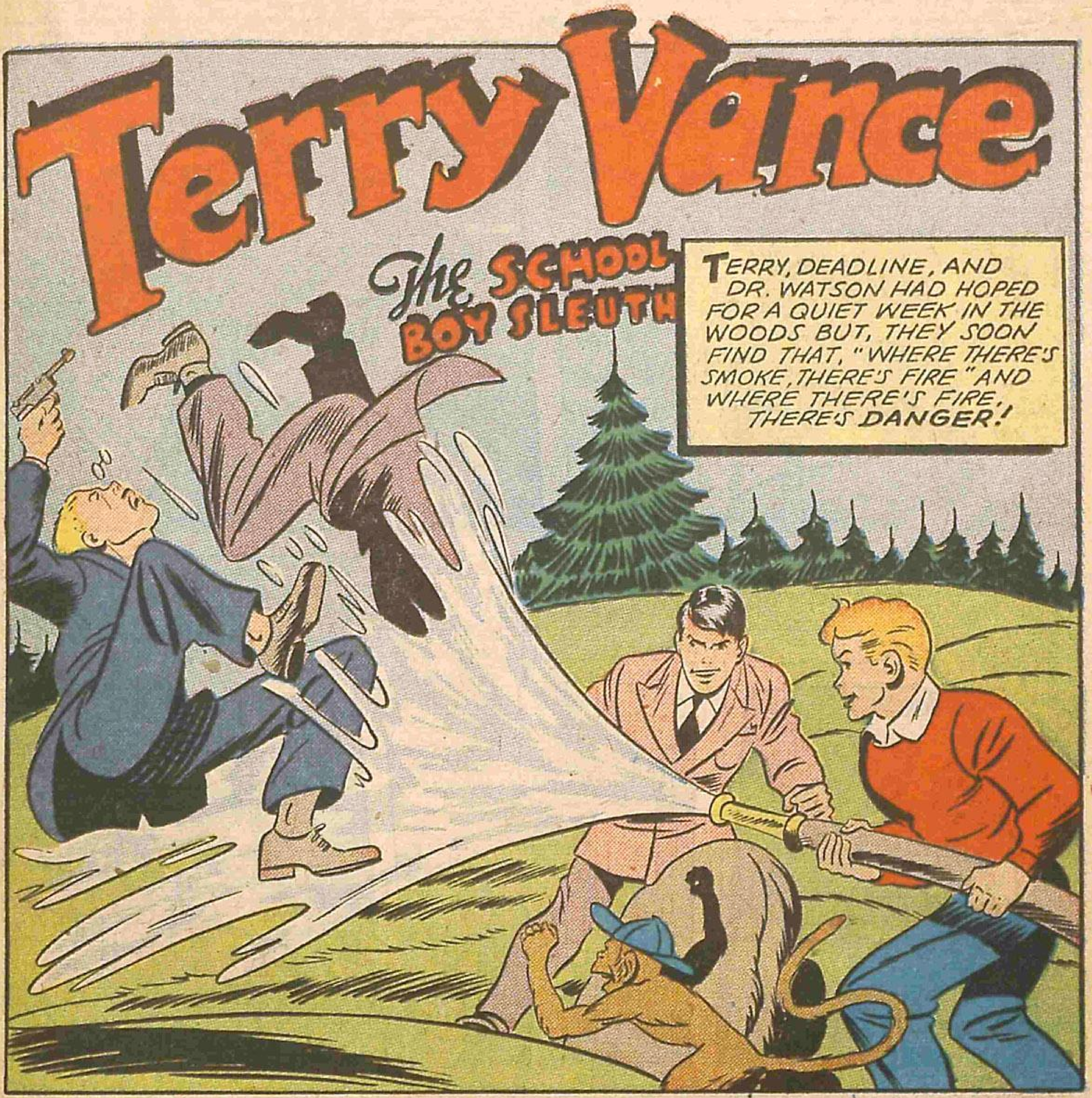

CHAIN SUB-MARINER'S FEET TOGETHER SO HE CAN SEE OUR VICTORY UPSIDE DOWN BEFORE HE DIES!
YAH, MINE MASTER. HE IS READY!
REMEMBER, SUB-MARINER, THE GIRL'S LIFE DEPENDS ON YOUR BEHAVIOR!
PRINCE NAMOR IS SUDDENLY JERKED UP OFF THE FLOOR.
HA! HA! YOU WILL SOON SEE OUR FORCES INVADE ENGLAND BY THE CHANNEL ON FOOT! ...A RESULT OF MY CLEVER ICE MAKING DEVICE!
MEANWHILE ON THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.
I'LL BE... AM I SEEING THINGS?

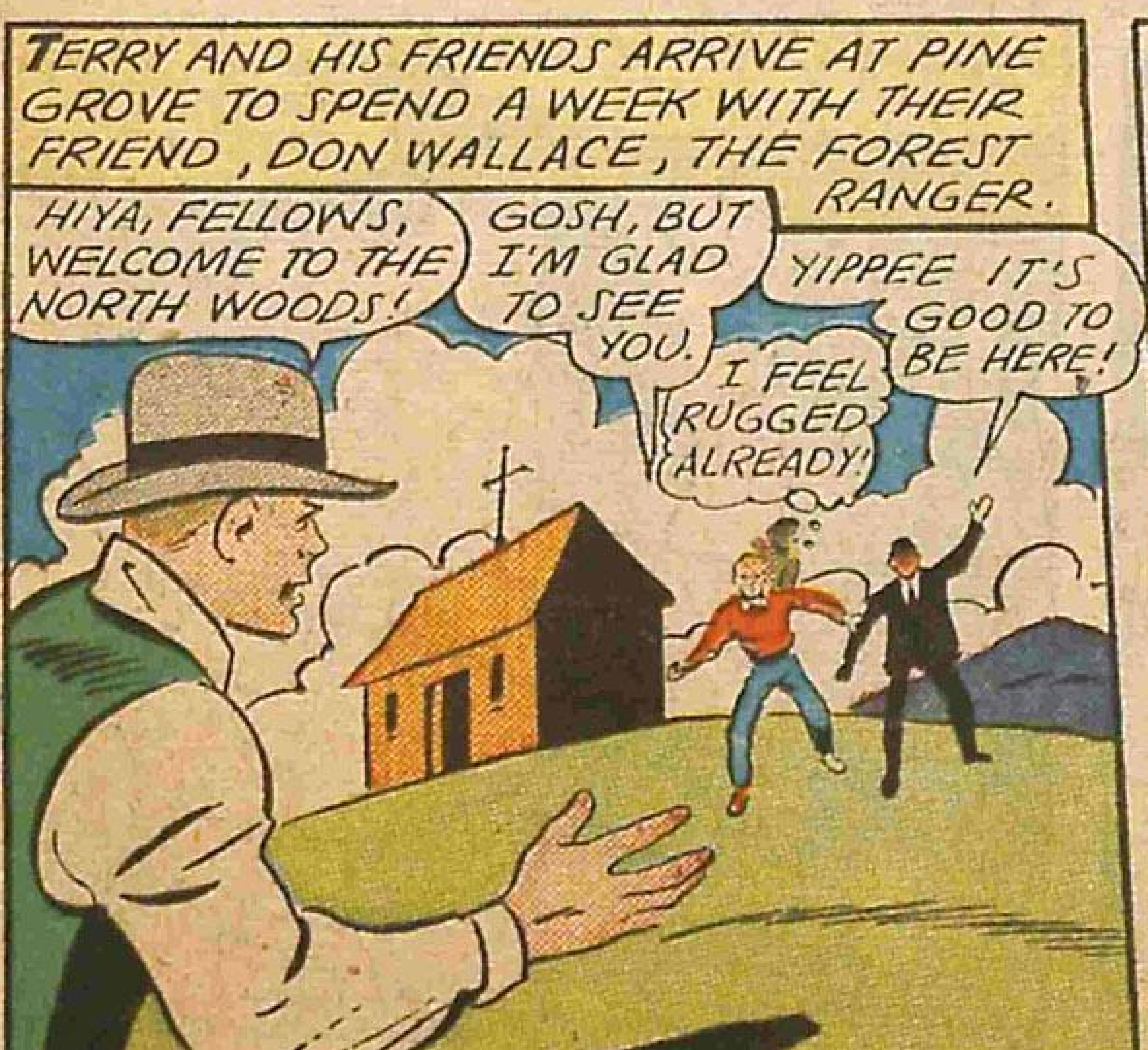

WHILE IN THE U-BOAT PRINCE NAMOR AND BETTY ARE LEFT ALONE WITH ONE GUARD.
THE TIME IS RIGHT NOW TO START CARRYING OUT MY PLAN!
SUB-MARINER BEGINS TO SWING...
CUT THAT OUT! YOU'RE MAKING ME NERVOUS!
CAN'T HELP IT! THE SUB'S ROCKING!
PRINCE NAMOR IS UP TO SOMETHING! I'D BETTER GET SET!
COME ON, BETTY! AND HOLD YOUR BREATH! WE'RE CRASHING OUT OF HERE!
NAMOR, WITH A POWERFUL LUNGE, CRASHES THRU THE HULL OF THE SUB...
AHH! MADE IT!
ACH! VE VILL DROWN!
POP!
CRASH!
I'VE GOT TO GET HER UP FAST OR SHE'LL DROWN, TOO!
I'LL HAVE TO RUSH YOU TO SOME HEAT OR YOU'LL GET PNEUMONIA!
NO! LOOK! COMING ACROSS THE CHANNEL!
HOLY MACKEREL! THE WHOLE NAZI ARMY!

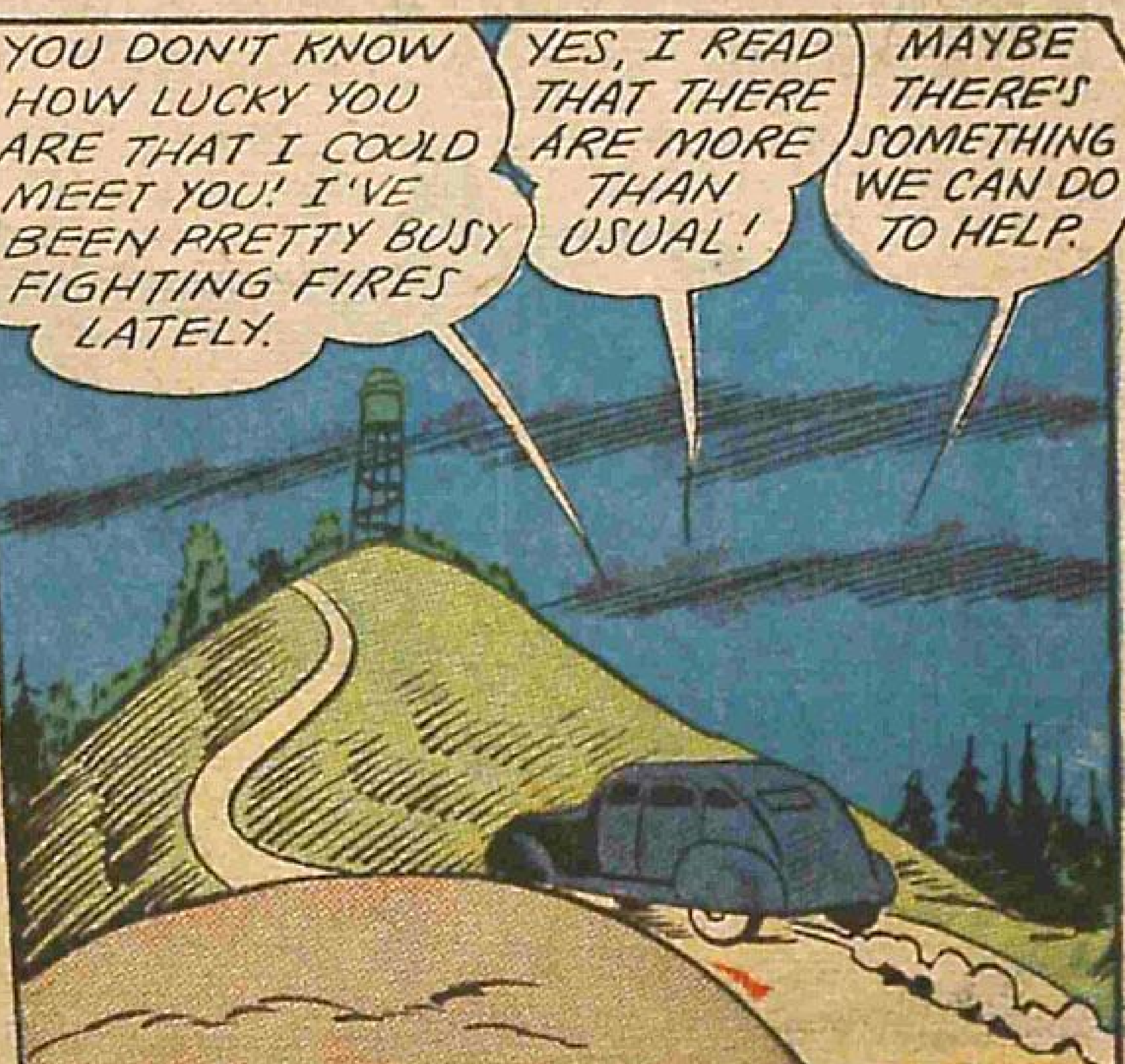

RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN TO THE CITY, BETTY, AND GET WARMED AND DRIED! I HAVE AN IDEA HOW TO STOP THE NAZI INVASION.
GOOD LUCK, PRINCE.
THERE'S THAT BABY SUB I CRASHED IN TWO! HALF OF IT WILL SERVE THE ALLIES WELL!
WITH HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH SUB-MARINER PUSHES THE FRONT PART OF THE SUB WITH GREAT SPEED.
CRASHING TO THE SURFACE, PRINCE NAMOR USES THE SUB TO PLOW THROUGH THE ICE TOWARD THE NAZI INVADERS.
HERE'S WHERE A NAZI SUB GETS RID OF A NAZI ARMY.

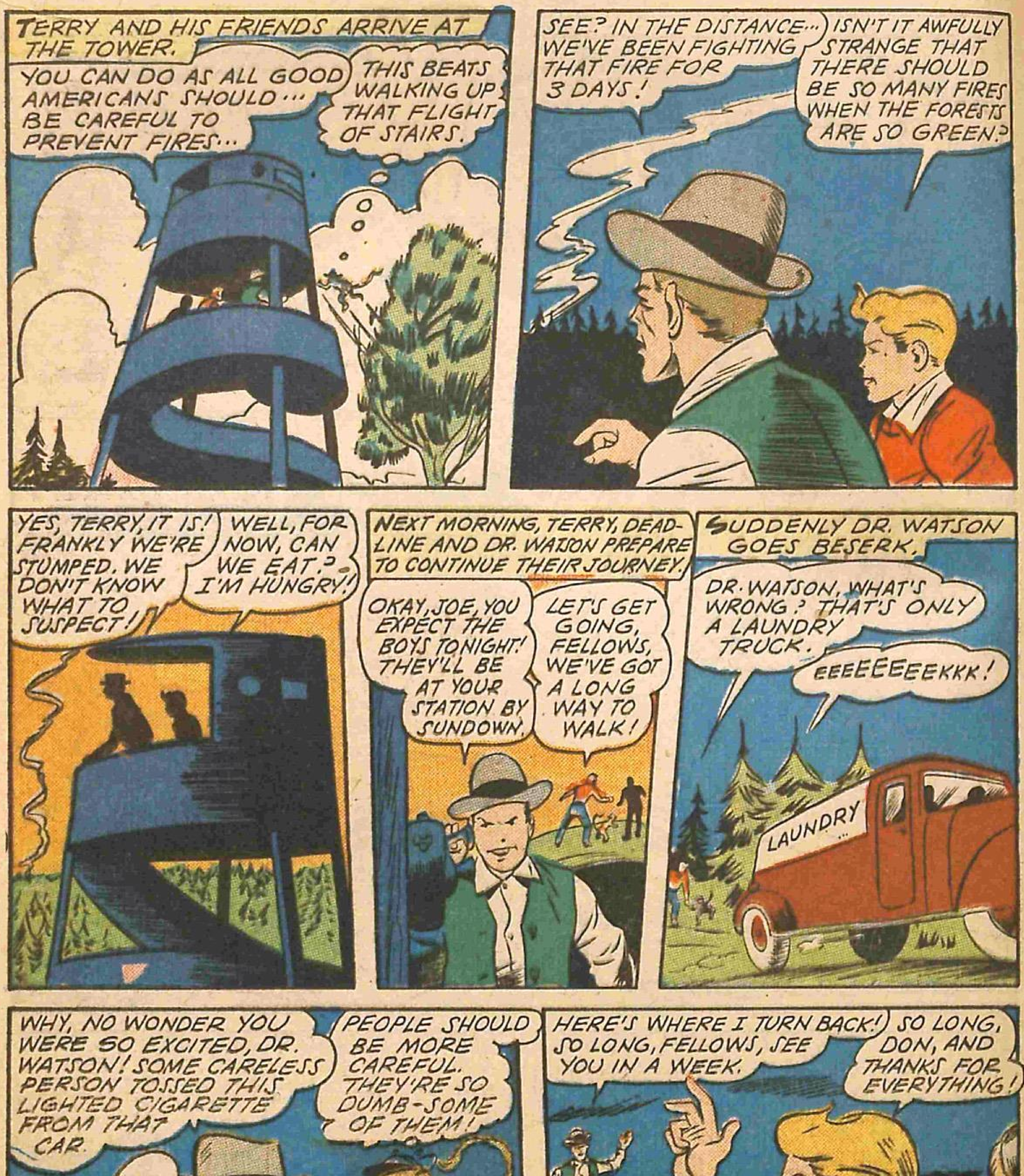

ZIGZAGGING THROUGH THE NAZI FORCES WITH HIS PROVISIONAL ICE CUTTER SUB-MARINER SOON DROWNS THE ENTIRE INVADING ARMY AND SWIMS BELOW TO VEIW THE SIGHT...
THIS WORKED OUT LIKE AN ANSWER TO A DREAM!
THAT'S DONE!... NOW IT'S GETTING WARM AGAIN! I'D BETTER SEE IF BETTY GOT HOME ALL RIGHT!
LATER...
GOSH! I'M AWFULLY HAPPY YOU DID YOUR JOB AND GOT BACK SAFELY!
BUY MORE STAMPS AND BONDS AND ALL OUR BOYS WILL DO THEIR JOB SAFER AND GET BACK HOME SOONER!
S'LONG FOR NOW!

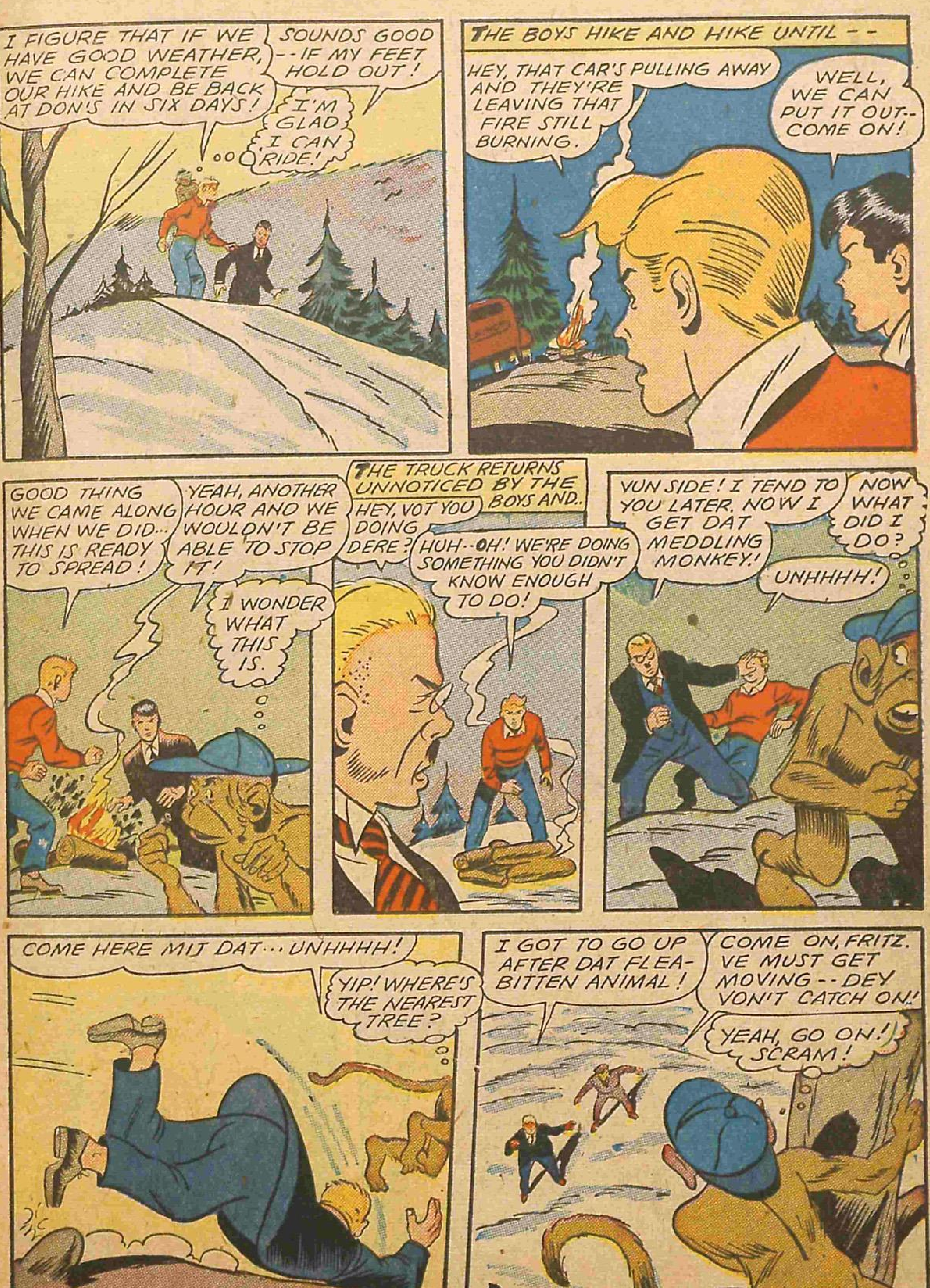
Terry Vance

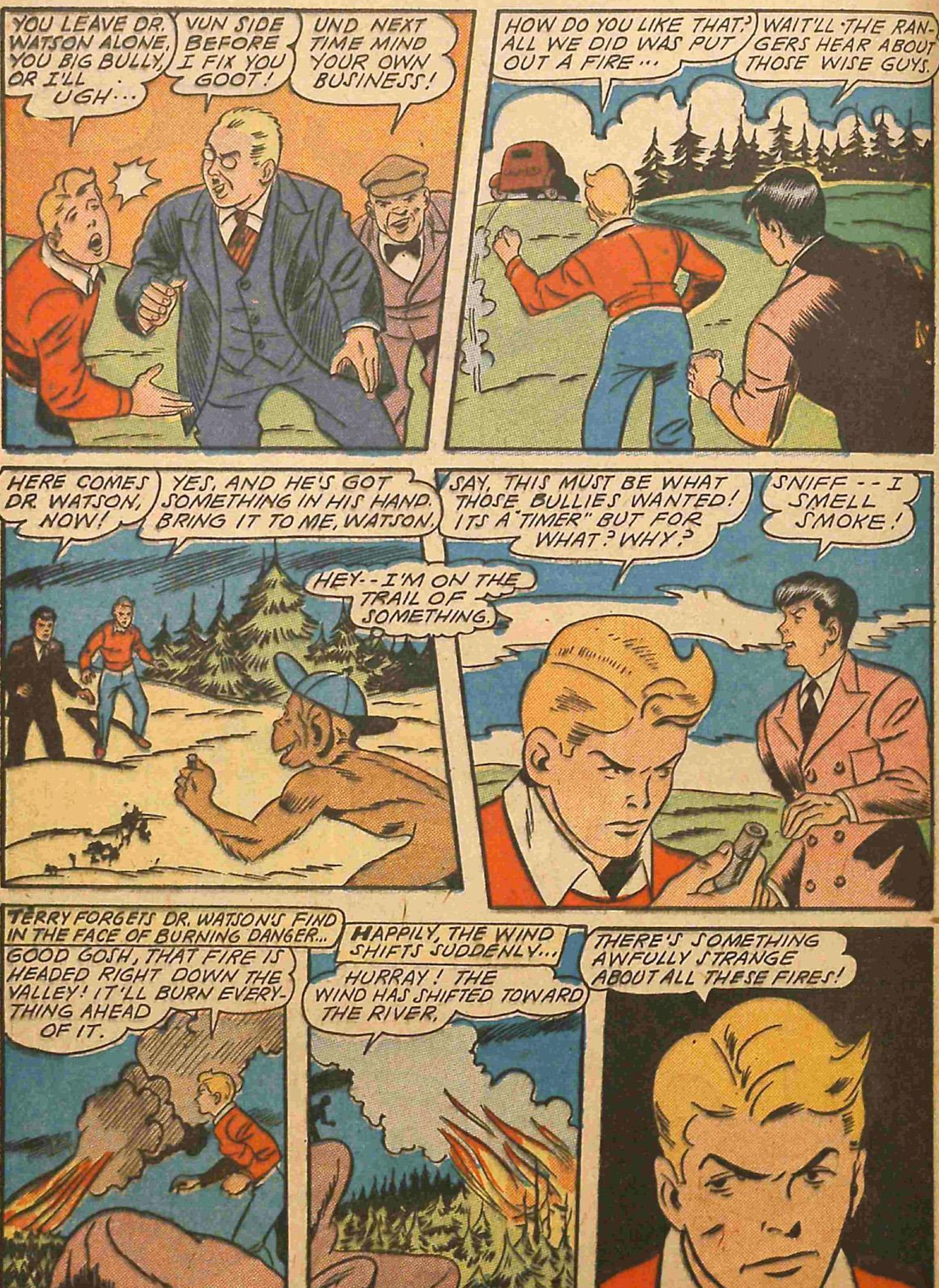

The School Boy Sleuth
TERRY, DEADLINE, AND DR. WATSON HAD HOPED FOR A QUIET WEEK IN THE WOODS BUT, THEY SOON FIND THAT, "WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE" AND WHERE THERE'S FIRE, THERE'S **DANGER!**

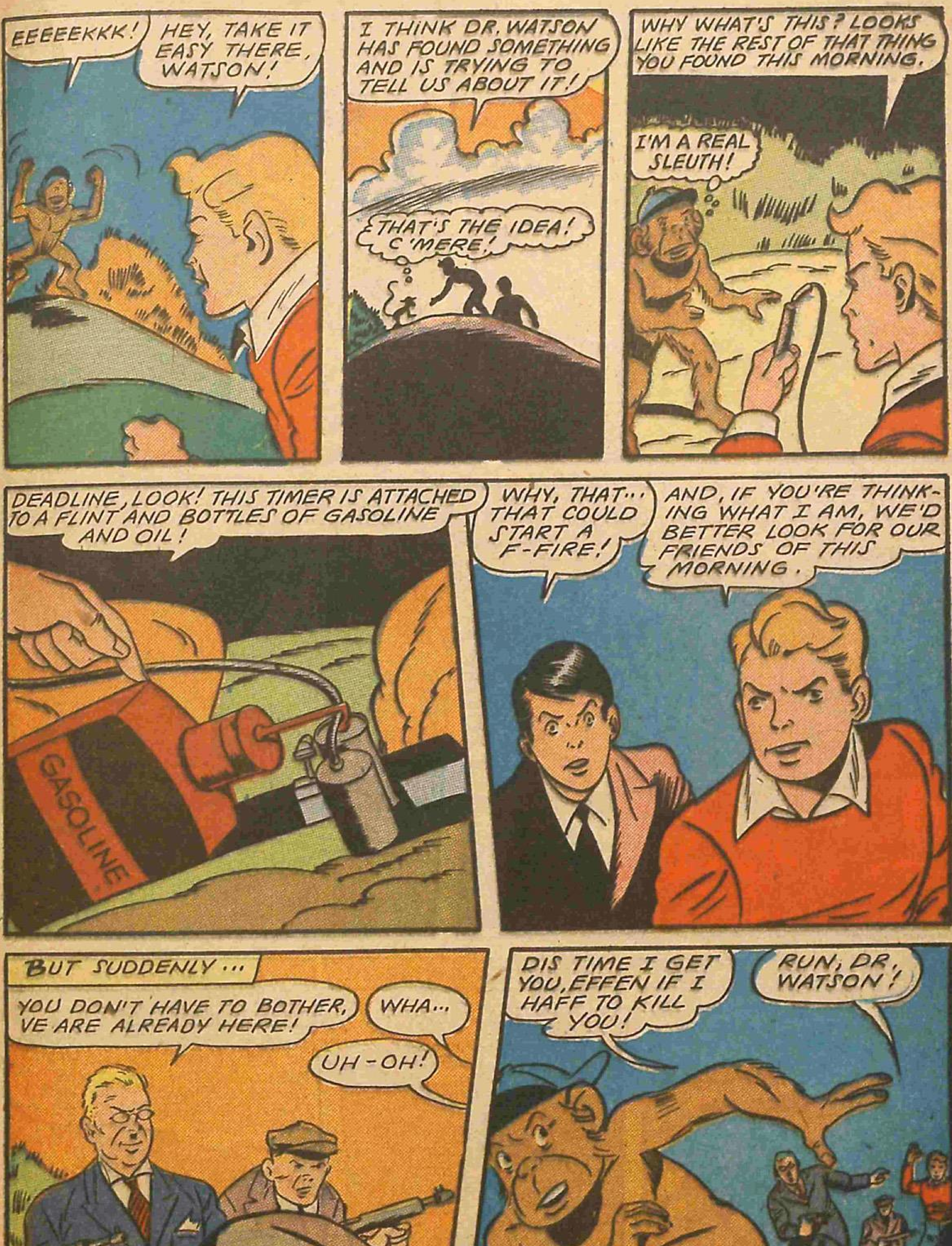

TERRY AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVE AT PINE GROVE TO SPEND A WEEK WITH THEIR FRIEND, DON WALLACE, THE FOREST RANGER.
HIYA, FELLOWS, WELCOME TO THE NORTH WOODS!
GOSH, BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU.
YIPPEE IT'S GOOD TO BE HERE!
I FEEL RUGGED ALREADY!

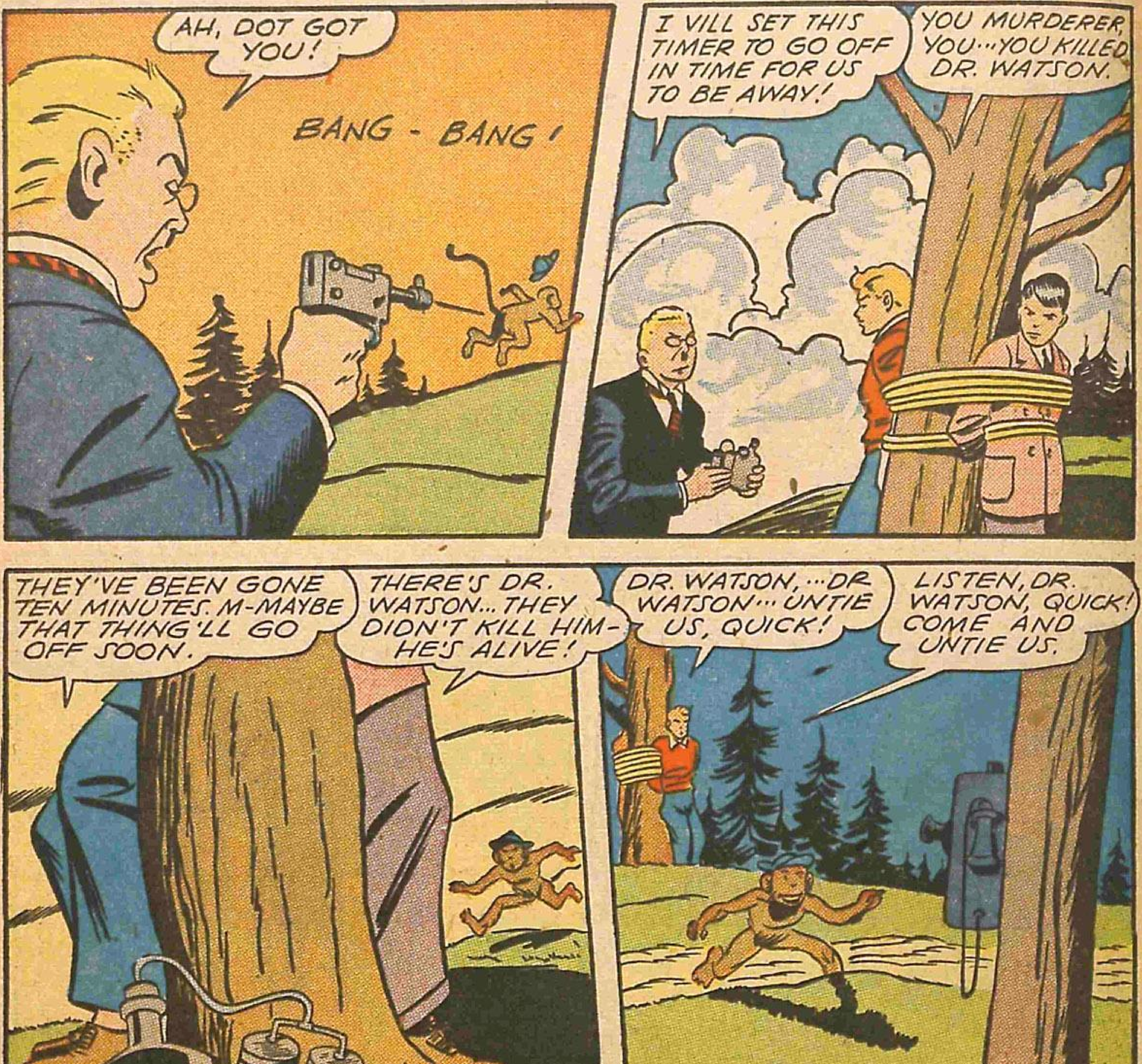

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE THAT I COULD MEET YOU! I'VE BEEN PRETTY BUSY FIGHTING FIRES LATELY.
YES, I READ THAT THERE ARE MORE THAN USUAL!
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN DO TO HELP.

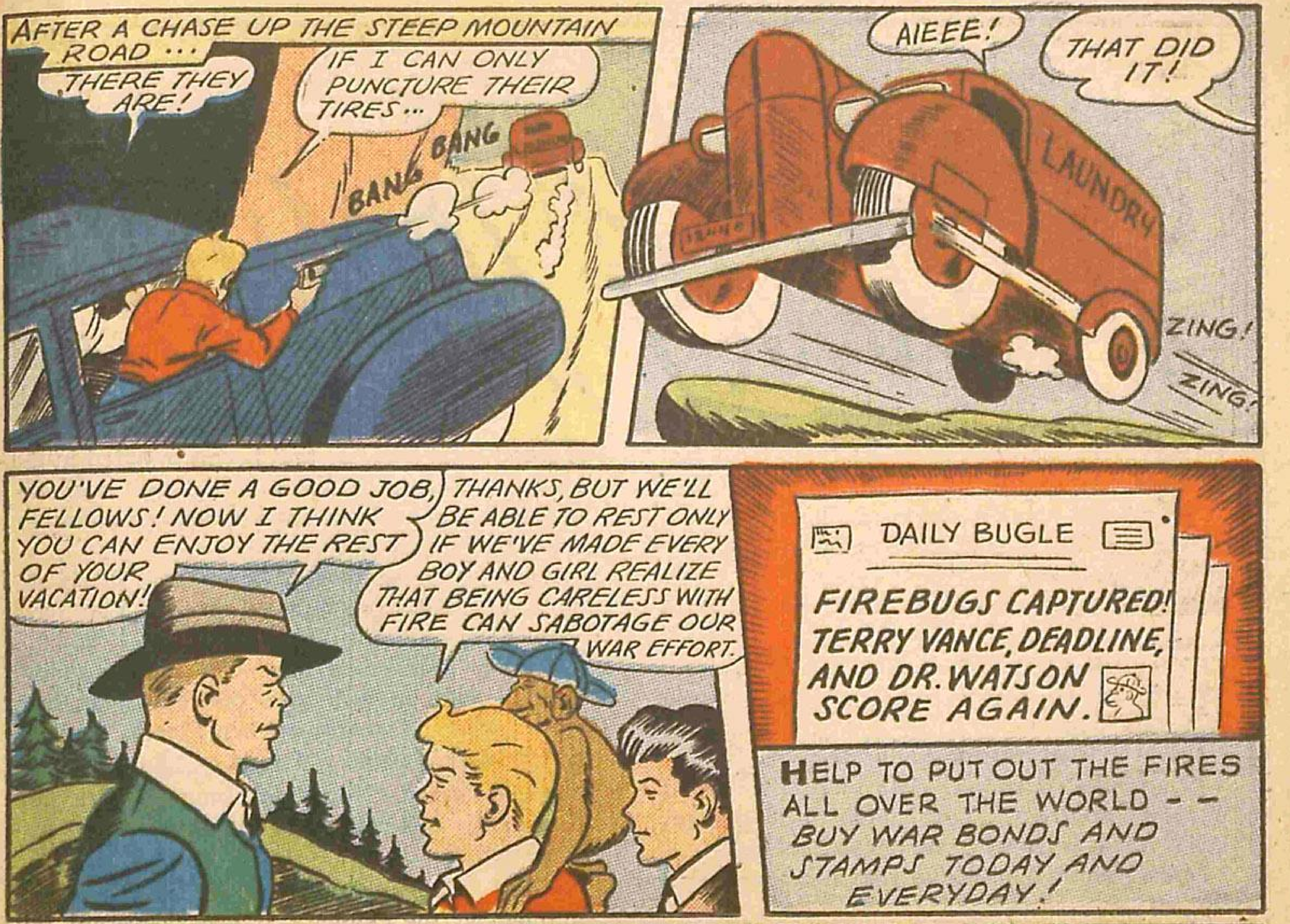

TERRY AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVE AT THE TOWER.
YOU CAN DO AS ALL GOOD AMERICANS SHOULD... BE CAREFUL TO PREVENT FIRES...
THIS BEATS WALKING UP THAT FLIGHT OF STAIRS.
SEE? IN THE DISTANCE... WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING THAT FIRE FOR 3 DAYS!
ISN'T IT AWFULLY STRANGE THAT THERE SHOULD BE SO MANY FIRES WHEN THE FORESTS ARE SO GREEN?
YES, TERRY, IT IS! FRANKLY WE'RE STUMPED. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SUSPECT!
WELL, FOR NOW, CAN WE EAT? I'M HUNGRY!
NEXT MORNING, TERRY, DEADLINE AND DR. WATSON PREPARE TO CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY.
OKAY, JOE, YOU EXPECT THE BOYS TONIGHT! THEY'LL BE AT YOUR STATION BY SUNDOWN.
LET'S GET GOING, FELLOWS, WE'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO WALK!
SUDDENLY DR. WATSON GOES BESERK.
DR. WATSON, WHAT'S WRONG? THAT'S ONLY A LAUNDRY TRUCK.
EEEEEEEEEKKK!
LAUNDRY
WHY, NO WONDER YOU WERE SO EXCITED, DR. WATSON! SOME CARELESS PERSON TOSSED THIS LIGHTED CIGARETTE FROM THAT CAR.
PEOPLE SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL. THEY'RE SO DUMB-SOME OF THEM!
HERE'S WHERE I TURN BACK! SO LONG, FELLOWS, SEE YOU IN A WEEK.
SO LONG, DON, AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!
2


I FIGURE THAT IF WE HAVE GOOD WEATHER, WE CAN COMPLETE OUR HIKE AND BE BACK AT DON'S IN SIX DAYS!
SOUNDS GOOD -- IF MY FEET HOLD OUT!
I'M GLAD I CAN RIDE!
THE BOYS HIKE AND HIKE UNTIL --
HEY, THAT CAR'S PULLING AWAY AND THEY'RE LEAVING THAT FIRE STILL BURNING.
WELL, WE CAN PUT IT OUT-- COME ON!
GOOD THING WE CAME ALONG WHEN WE DID... THIS IS READY TO SPREAD!
YEAH, ANOTHER HOUR AND WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO STOP IT!
I WONDER WHAT THIS IS.
THE TRUCK RETURNS UNNOTICED BY THE BOYS AND..
HEY, VOT YOU DOING DERE?
HUH--OH! WE'RE DOING SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T KNOW ENOUGH TO DO!
VUN SIDE! I TEND TO YOU LATER. NOW I GET DAT MEDDLING MONKEY!
NOW WHAT DID I DO?
UNHHHH!
COME HERE MIT DAT... UNHHHH!
YIP! WHERE'S THE NEAREST TREE?
I GOT TO GO UP AFTER DAT FLEA-BITTEN ANIMAL!
COME ON, FRITZ. VE MUST GET MOVING -- DEY VON'T CATCH ON!
YEAH, GO ON! SCRAM!


YOU LEAVE DR. WATSON ALONE, YOU BIG BULLY, OR I'LL UGH...
VUN SIDE BEFORE I FIX YOU GOOT!
UND NEXT TIME MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? ALL WE DID WAS PUT OUT A FIRE...
WAIT'LL THE RANGERS HEAR ABOUT THOSE WISE GUYS.
HERE COMES DR. WATSON, NOW!
YES, AND HE'S GOT SOMETHING IN HIS HAND. BRING IT TO ME, WATSON.
HEY--I'M ON THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING.
SAY, THIS MUST BE WHAT THOSE BULLIES WANTED! ITS A "TIMER" BUT FOR WHAT? WHY?
SNIFF--I SMELL SMOKE!
TERRY FORGETS DR. WATSON'S FIND IN THE FACE OF BURNING DANGER...
GOOD GOSH, THAT FIRE IS HEADED RIGHT DOWN THE VALLEY! IT'LL BURN EVERYTHING AHEAD OF IT.
HAPPILY, THE WIND SHIFTS SUDDENLY...
HURRAY! THE WIND HAS SHIFTED TOWARD THE RIVER,
THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY STRANGE ABOUT ALL THESE FIRES!
4


EEEEEKKK!
HEY, TAKE IT EASY THERE, WATSON!
I THINK DR. WATSON HAS FOUND SOMETHING AND IS TRYING TO TELL US ABOUT IT!
THAT'S THE IDEA! C'MERE!
WHY WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE THE REST OF THAT THING YOU FOUND THIS MORNING.
I'M A REAL SLEUTH!
DEADLINE, LOOK! THIS TIMER IS ATTACHED TO A FLINT AND BOTTLES OF GASOLINE AND OIL!
GASOLINE
WHY, THAT... THAT COULD START A F-FIRE!
AND, IF YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I AM, WE'D BETTER LOOK FOR OUR FRIENDS OF THIS MORNING.
BUT SUDDENLY...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER, VE ARE ALREADY HERE!
WHA...
UH-OH!
DIS TIME I GET YOU, EFFEN IF I HAFF TO KILL YOU!
RUN, DR. WATSON!


AH, DOT GOT YOU!
BANG - BANG!
I VILL SET THIS TIMER TO GO OFF IN TIME FOR US TO BE AWAY!
YOU MURDERER, YOU...YOU KILLED DR. WATSON.
THEY'VE BEEN GONE TEN MINUTES. M-MAYBE THAT THING'LL GO OFF SOON.
THERE'S DR. WATSON...THEY DIDN'T KILL HIM- HE'S ALIVE!
DR. WATSON, ...DR WATSON... UNTIE US, QUICK!
LISTEN, DR. WATSON, QUICK! COME AND UNTIE US.
BUT DR. WATSON HAS IDEAS OF HIS OWN.
FEEEKKKK-
SAY, HE'S TRYING TO CALL DON TO TELL HIM WE'RE IN TROUBLE!
RIGHT YOU ARE, TERRY.
HELLO! ALL I CAN HEAR IS A LOT OF CHATTERING LIKE A MONK--SAY, THAT'S IT... IT MUST BE DR. WATSON.
DON QUICKLY UNTIES THE CAPTIVES AFTER ARRIVING AT THE SCENE.
COME ON, FELLOWS, IF WE HURRY WE'LL CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY CAN REACH BIG FORK.
AND THAT CONTRAPTION WON'T START ANY MORE FIRES.


AFTER A CHASE UP THE STEEP MOUNTAIN ROAD ...
THERE THEY ARE!
IF I CAN ONLY PUNCTURE THEIR TIRES ...
BANG BANG
AIEEE!
THAT DID IT!
LAUNDRY
ZING!
ZING!
YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB, FELLOWS! NOW I THINK YOU CAN ENJOY THE REST OF YOUR VACATION!
THANKS, BUT WE'LL BE ABLE TO REST ONLY IF WE'VE MADE EVERY BOY AND GIRL REALIZE THAT BEING CARELESS WITH FIRE CAN SABOTAGE OUR WAR EFFORT.
DAILY BUGLE
FIREBUGS CAPTURED! TERRY VANCE, DEADLINE, AND DR. WATSON SCORE AGAIN.
HELP TO PUT OUT THE FIRES ALL OVER THE WORLD -- BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY AND EVERYDAY!

Announcing The JANUARY MARVEL CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE
of $50.00
GOES TO
MELVIN ARTHUR
WEST QUINCY, MASS.

SECOND PRIZE
of $25.00
GOES TO
ELDON THAYER
BOX 32 NORTHWOOD, N.H.

THIRD PRIZE
of $10.00
GOES TO
ARLINE DRACKLEY
27 BARNES ST. WAVERLY, MASS.

THE FOLLOWING FIFTEEN $1.00 WINNERS ARE

LOUIS SCHNEIDER
CLINTON, MO.
R.L. WORTHY
THOMASTON, GA.
VIOLET SCHNEIDER
ERIE, PA.
LILLIAN A. CORNELL
LESLIE, MICH.
PATRICIA LAWRENCE
HEPPNER, OREGON

AMELIA ECHOLS
HONOLULU 45, T.H.
WILLIAM GATLEY
NEWARK, N.J.
FRED ROBERTS
HARVARD, MASS.
RICHARD RAPACKI
CHICAGO, ILL.
JAMES McANANY
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

STUART SELLINGER
BKLYN, N.Y.
EVERETT FREEMAN
CHEOAH, N.C.
MARCUS KAHN
NEW ORLEANS, 13, LA.
JEWELL BALLARD
FISK, TEXAS
CHRIST LAMBIDER
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A Load of Trouble

THE lonesome honk of geese came from high up in the wintry sky. Mark stripped off his jacket. It was afternoon and he had time to get started on the job of cleaning out the feed line and carb on the plane before he took off with this load of freight, for Sam Hawkins' camp. . . .

"They tell me you do freighting," a voice said.

Mark turned, discovered a gaunt-faced man with thin lips.

Mark nodded. "In a day or two—"

"The name's Randall." The man approached. "This is important. You'll have to do this job later. Y'see, a friend of mine's sick. Bad!"

Mark hesitated. "We've got a doctor at Fort Clinton."

"But Doc Johnston is a lot closer!"

Mark knew Doctor Johnston wanted to be left alone. No one knew of his location except Mark, who had the job of getting supplies out to the remote cabin.

"Nothing doing," Mark answered. "My orders—" He stopped.

The man's hand moved swiftly, and the revolver he produced was stubby, of large bore. "You're taking the job, son," Randall said softly. "Pierre needs a doc. You're taking us to Doctor Johnson. Now!"

MARK looked down at the sick man. His face was damp with sweat, and every so often he got cramps. It looked like appendicitis.

It wasn't simple getting Pierre aboard, but eventually they accomplished the task, and Mark taxied across the snow-blanketed field, headed for the spruce and hemlock clothed hills. He opened the throttle. The plans rose unwillingly.

It wasn't far to Doc Johnston's cabin. Mark got them there, landed carefully.

Randall ordered, "You take Pierre's feet."

Doctor Johnston was at the door. The smell of wood smoke, coffee and bacon mingled in the cabin— Doctor Johnston cried out suddenly as Pierre leaped from the improvised stretcher, a revolver in his hand.

"Good evening, Doctor Johnston!" Pierre exclaimed. "We were delayed often. You have been so very careful—"

Doctor Johnston's face was drawn, sallow. Randall had moved into position near him. Mark faced the smooth-spoken Pierre. "So it's a trick!" Mark snarled. "I kind of thought—"

Pierre agreed, "You didn't know better! Unfortunately, our plans call for your further services, my friend—"

Pierre glanced aside at Randall. Mark snatched at the chance. It was desperate, but it was the only one. He launched himself across the space separating them.

And Pierre whirled. They crashed together. The gun spun from Pierre's hand and they hit the floor with a crash. Pierre proved powerful. He twisted savagely, flung Mark aside, clawed at Mark's throat. Desperately Mark swung his body, in an effort to dislodge his heaveir opponent. His lungs were bursting for air. He tried to rip the fingers away. Then it was like falling off a cliff into nothing.

PRESENTLY Mark opened his eyes, aware of the painful throb of his throat. He looked dully about at the three men, who were evidently just waiting for him.

Pierre met Randall's eyes. "It is four hundred miles to the border. We will take Doctor Johnston back with us. A little case of kidnapping. Or abduction? Eh, Doctor Johnston?"

Outside the wind fretted restlessly. Mark heard the occasional soft pat of snow against the windows. There was bad weather ahead. These men were talking about the border. . . .

"What," Mark questioned suddenly, "if I refuse?"

Pierre walked to the range, removed the poker from the fire-box. He came back. "I might help you make up your mind. . . . Of course, if you wish to do so for yourself—" Pierre's smile was smooth.

Mark gritted his teeth. He couldn't look at Doctor Johnston. It was Mark's fault the doctor was in this jam, and therefore it was up to the young pilot to get him out of it again. But how?

Doctor Johnston spoke softly. "Take them, Mark. This is my battle. I'll deal with them when the time comes!"

THERE were only two 'chutes. Pierre and the lanky Randall took them. "Just in case you try any stunts." Pierre explained.

That worried Mark. They were going into the high country, and the carb was bad. He already had a load of freight. With three additional passengers . . .

Doctor Johnston was securely bound. Randall guarded him and Pierre watched Mark. "You will fly due north to the border," he explained briefly. "You will land just outside Greenlea. I will instruct you further when the time comes. For the present . . . fly due north."

Mark nursed the ship cautiously to three thousand. Once or twice the motor protested faintly. There was plenty of altitude before them. He kept lifting the ship gradually.

He thought about Pierre and Randall wearing the only 'chutes. They had almost four hundred miles to go. About midway, slightly to the west, was Sam Hawkins' lumber camp.

Mark held steadily on his course. For a while Pierre watched alertly, checking over the instruments, with shrewd eyes. He might know something about planes or, might be bluffing.

The mountains were jagged jaws gaping beneath them. Clouds cut off the moonlight. The wind was strong and there was a little snow. Sometimes the going got bumpy and occasionally the motor protested. Pierre didn't seem to notice that. After a while he relaxed in a doze.

Mark glanced surreptitiously at his watch. They were as close to Sam's place as they'd ever be. Mark nursed the ship higher. Sweat was on his hands. He kept his eyes straight ahead. There *was* a way of getting rid of Pierre and Randall. It was dangerous. But so was this!

Quickly Mark took them higher and higher. The motor gave a strangled bark and instantly Mark closed the throttle. A gust of wind hurled the craft over as the motor went dead.

Pierre snapped out of it. The ship was gliding now. Mark shoved the nose down and the wind twisted at them with powerful fingers.

"Hey!" Pierre snarled. "What's the idea? I warned you—"

Mark retorted, "Motor's dead. We're too high. Ice on the wings . . . they're frozen!"

"It's a lie! A trick!"

The wind flung the ship sidewise. It was going down fast. The wind rose to a shriek.

Mark yelled, "I've already got a cargo on board. Cases back there. Maybe I should have told you—"

"You can land! You'll find a place!"

"Dynamite!" Mark yelled. "That's what I've got on board. Dynamite. I didn't get a chance to deliver—"

Pierre and Randall flung themselves forward. The ship lurched under Mark's careful fingers. Their faces were ghastly with fear as they wrenched the door open, plunged through into the dark beyond.

MARK fed the motor cautiously. It coughed and he pulled the ship out of its dive, steadied it with difficulty. The motor sputtered again, took hold, hesitated. Mark didn't try to see where they were. It had been close . . . close!

Doctor Johnston managed to wriggle forward. His face was grimly approving as Mark fished out a knife and slit the ropes binding the old man. "You made it," the doctor said. "Not much to spare!"

Mark drew a deep breath. "I don't see what they wanted you for. If I hadn't been such a sap—"

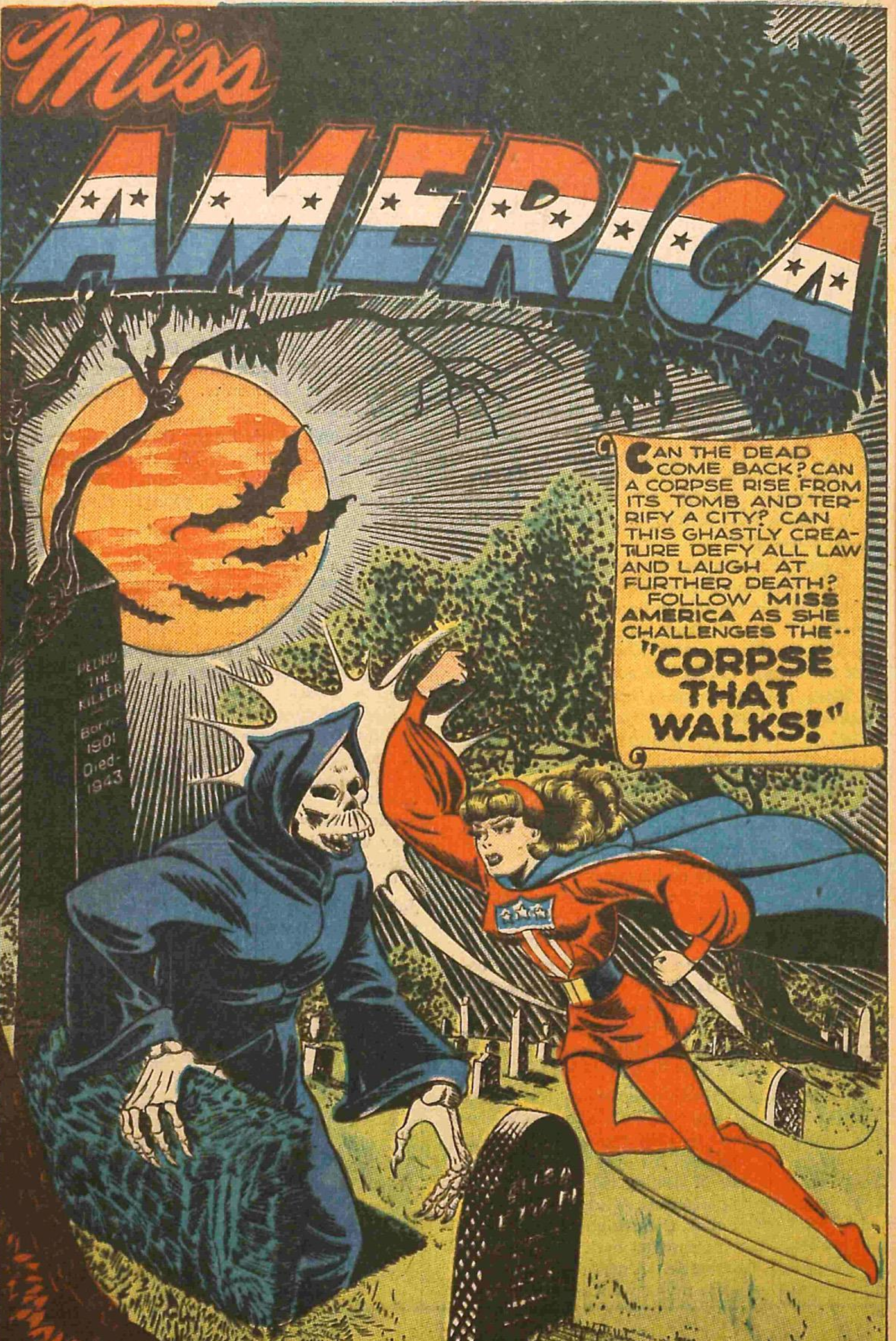
"I was a scientist back home, Mark." Doctor Johnston's voice was low. "They needed my services and I managed to escape and come here. Johnston isn't my name, of course. Those two —no doubt it was arranged by someone else— were hired to kidnap me—"

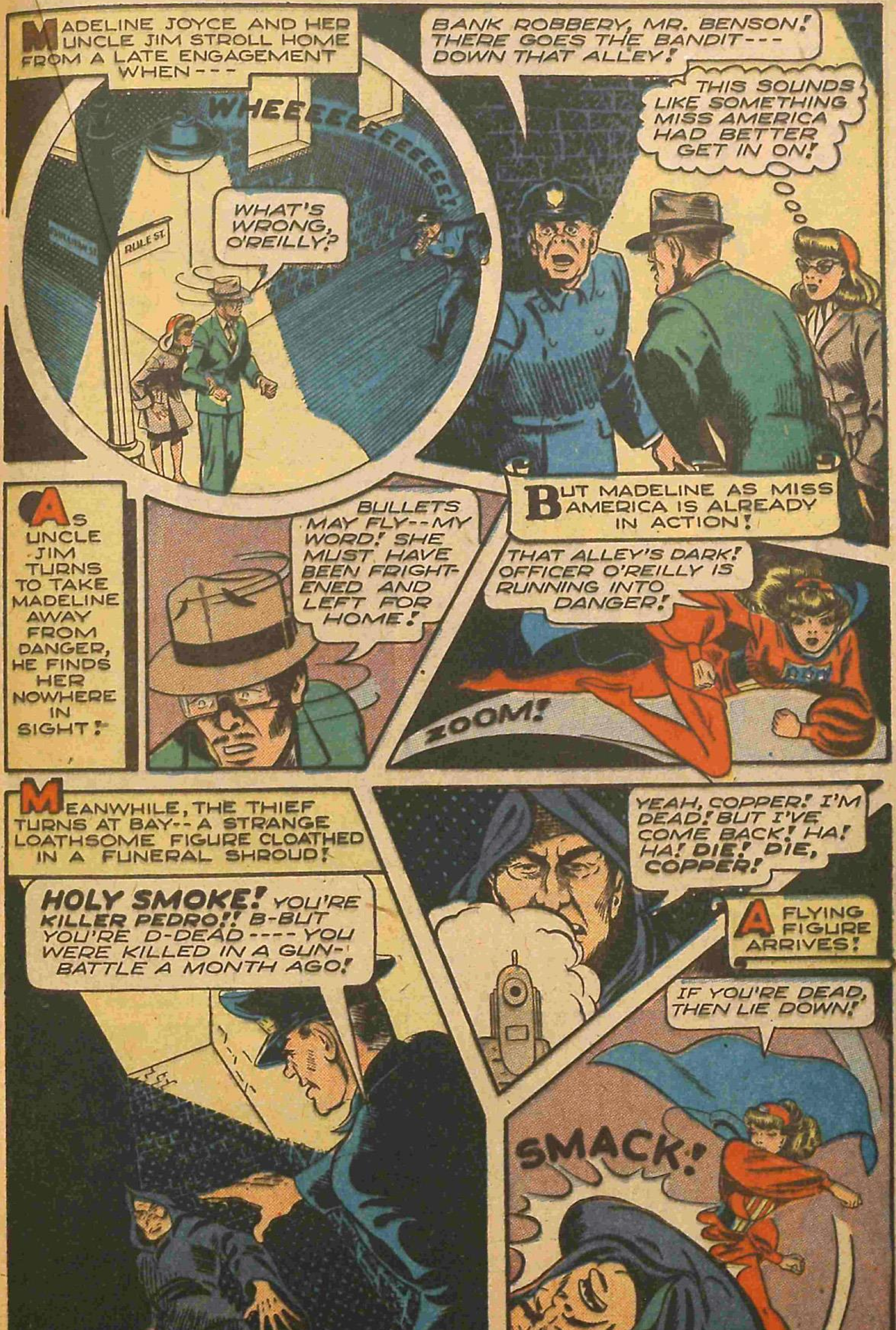
Mark altered his course. "I'll have to stop at Sam's place and unload this freight. The less weight I've got, the better our chances of getting back in one piece."

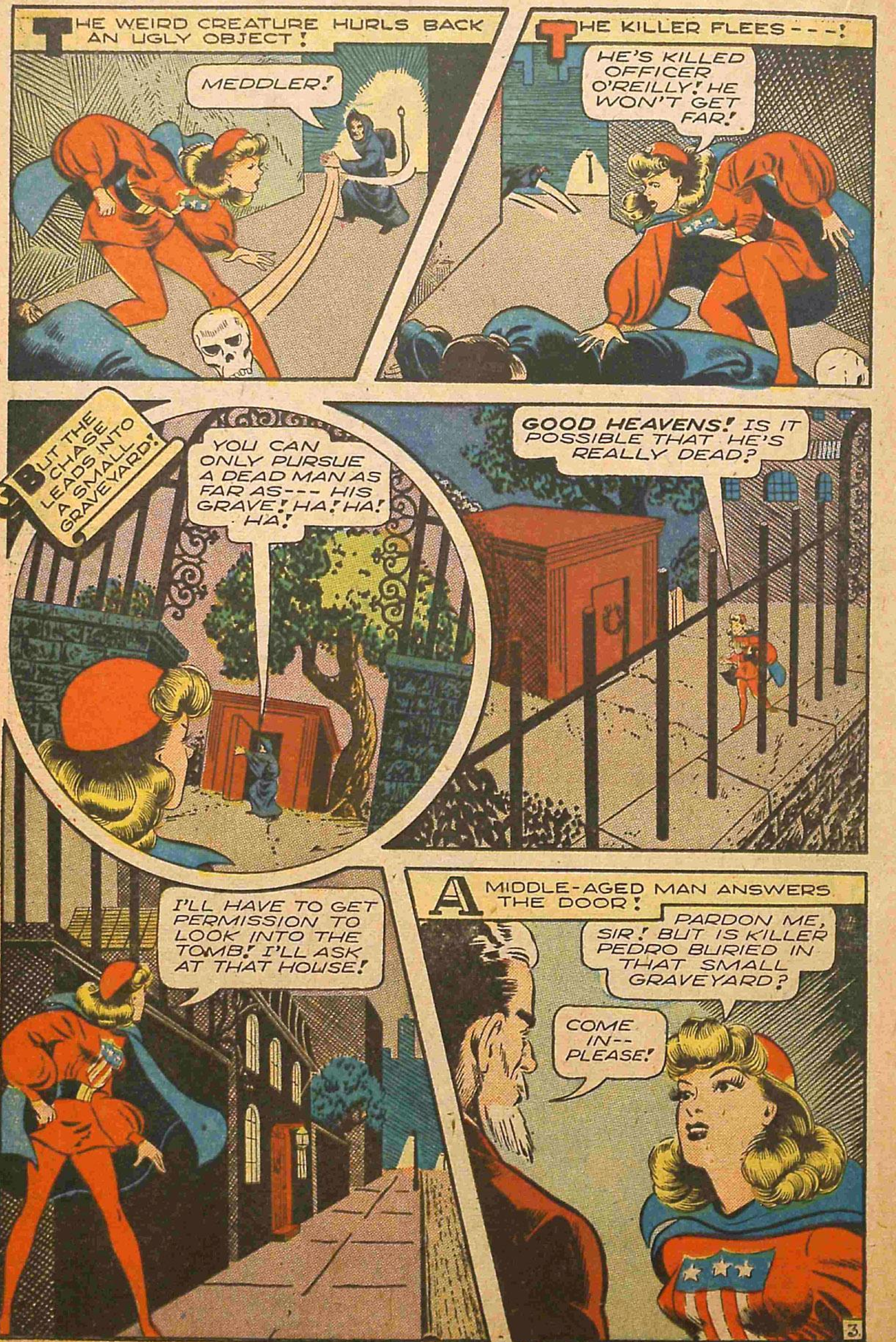
"If you'd crashed with that dynamite—"

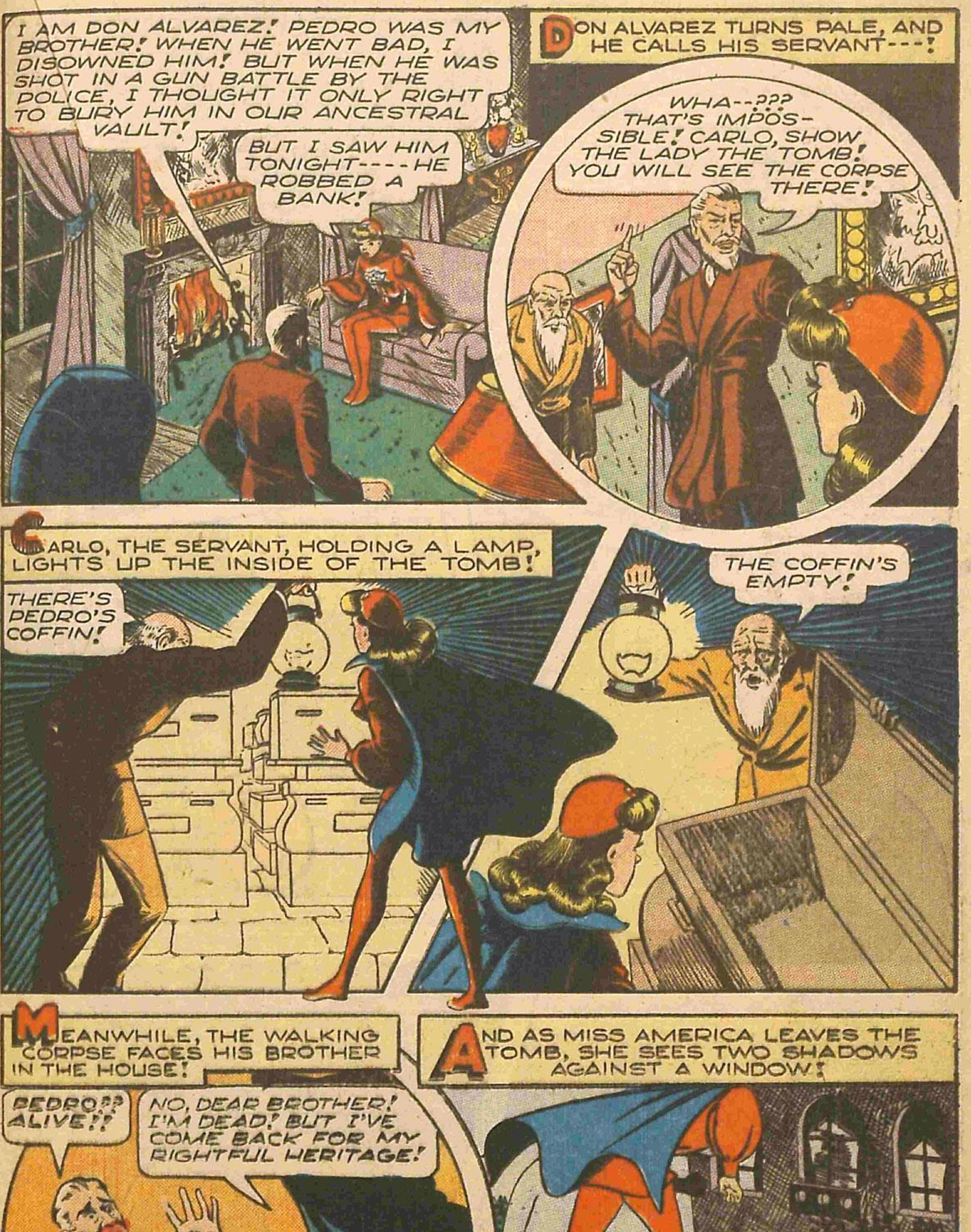
Mark laughed gently. "Dynamite of a kind, perhaps. Canned peaches and beans. Supplies for the camp. We'll tell Sam and the crew about Pierre and Randall. Guess the fellows'll be glad to go hunting for a change. Two-legged skunk are a novelty up here!"

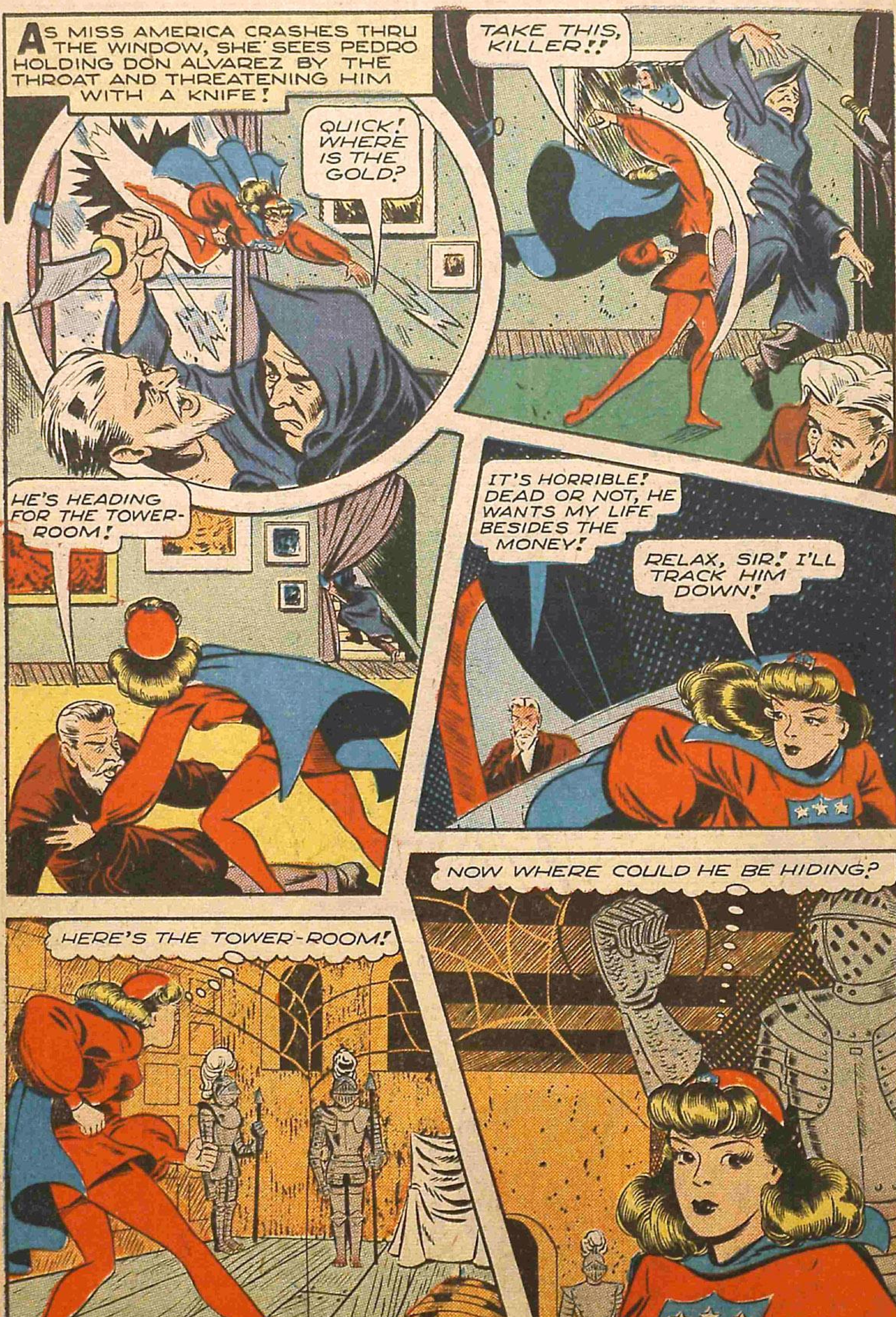
THE END

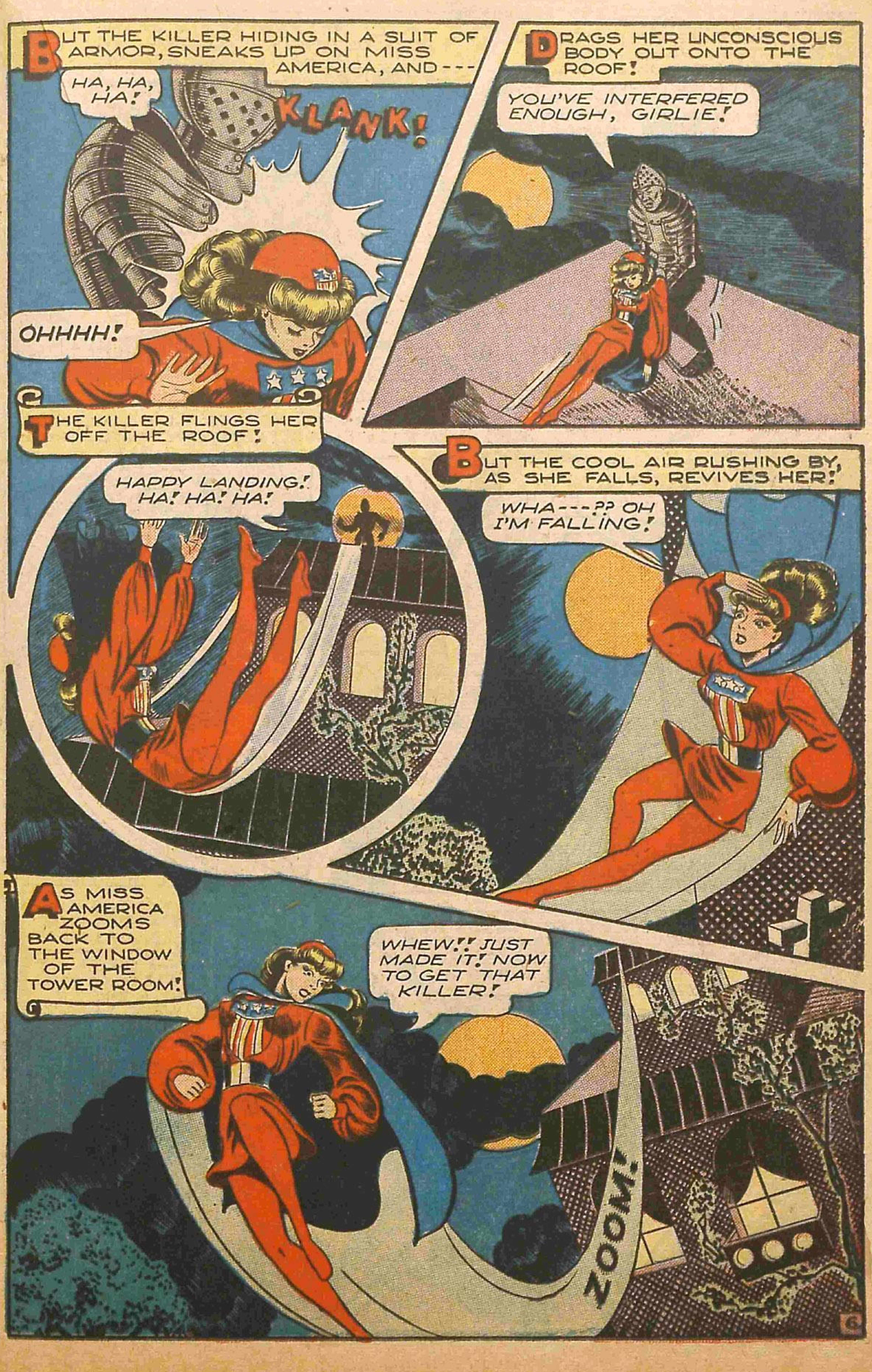

Miss AMERICA
CAN THE DEAD COME BACK? CAN A CORPSE RISE FROM ITS TOMB AND TERRIFY A CITY? CAN THIS GHASTLY CREATURE DEFY ALL LAW AND LAUGH AT FURTHER DEATH? FOLLOW MISS AMERICA AS SHE CHALLENGES THE-- "CORPSE THAT WALKS!"
PEDRO THE KILLER Born- 1901 Died- 1943

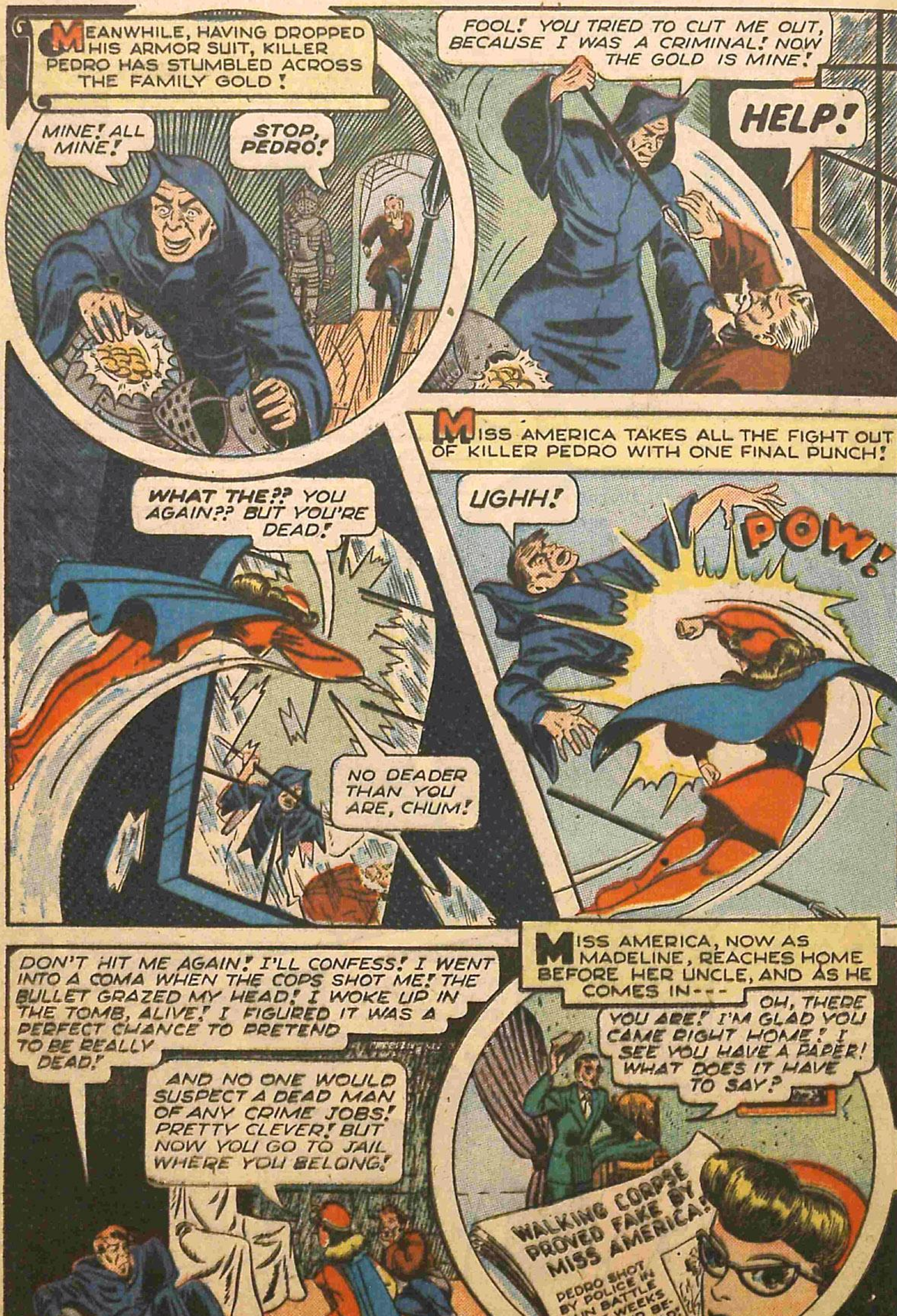

MADELINE JOYCE AND HER UNCLE JIM STROLL HOME FROM A LATE ENGAGEMENT WHEN---
WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
RULE ST.
WHAT'S WRONG, O'REILLY?
BANK ROBBERY, MR. BENSON! THERE GOES THE BANDIT--- DOWN THAT ALLEY!
THIS SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING MISS AMERICA HAD BETTER GET IN ON!
AS UNCLE JIM TURNS TO TAKE MADELINE AWAY FROM DANGER, HE FINDS HER NOWHERE IN SIGHT!
BULLETS MAY FLY--MY WORD! SHE MUST HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED AND LEFT FOR HOME!
BUT MADELINE AS MISS AMERICA IS ALREADY IN ACTION!
THAT ALLEY'S DARK! OFFICER O'REILLY IS RUNNING INTO DANGER!
ZOOM!
MEANWHILE, THE THIEF TURNS AT BAY-- A STRANGE LOATHSOME FIGURE CLOATHED IN A FUNERAL SHROUD!
HOLY SMOKE! YOU'RE KILLER PEDRO!! B-BUT YOU'RE D-DEAD ---- YOU WERE KILLED IN A GUN-BATTLE A MONTH AGO!
YEAH, COPPER! I'M DEAD! BUT I'VE COME BACK! HA! HA! DIE! DIE, COPPER!
A FLYING FIGURE ARRIVES!
IF YOU'RE DEAD, THEN LIE DOWN!
SMACK!
2

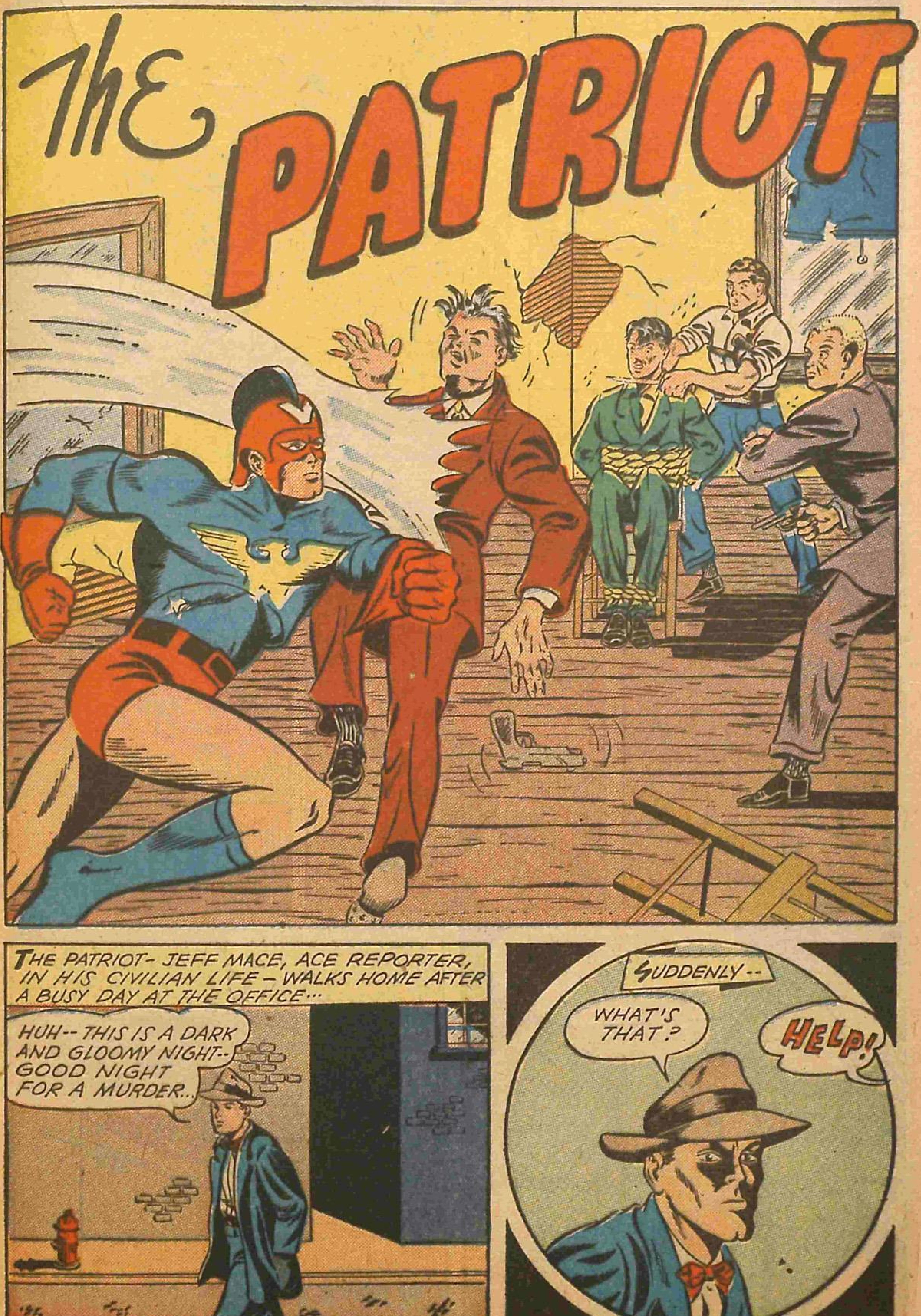

THE WEIRD CREATURE HURLS BACK AN UGLY OBJECT!
MEDDLER!
THE KILLER FLEES---!
HE'S KILLED OFFICER O'REILLY! HE WON'T GET FAR!
BUT THE CHASE LEADS INTO A SMALL GRAVEYARD!
YOU CAN ONLY PURSUE A DEAD MAN AS FAR AS--- HIS GRAVE! HA! HA! HA!
GOOD HEAVENS! IS IT POSSIBLE THAT HE'S REALLY DEAD?
I'LL HAVE TO GET PERMISSION TO LOOK INTO THE TOMB! I'LL ASK AT THAT HOUSE!
A MIDDLE-AGED MAN ANSWERS THE DOOR!
PARDON ME, SIR! BUT IS KILLER PEDRO BURIED IN THAT SMALL GRAVEYARD?
COME IN-- PLEASE!
3.

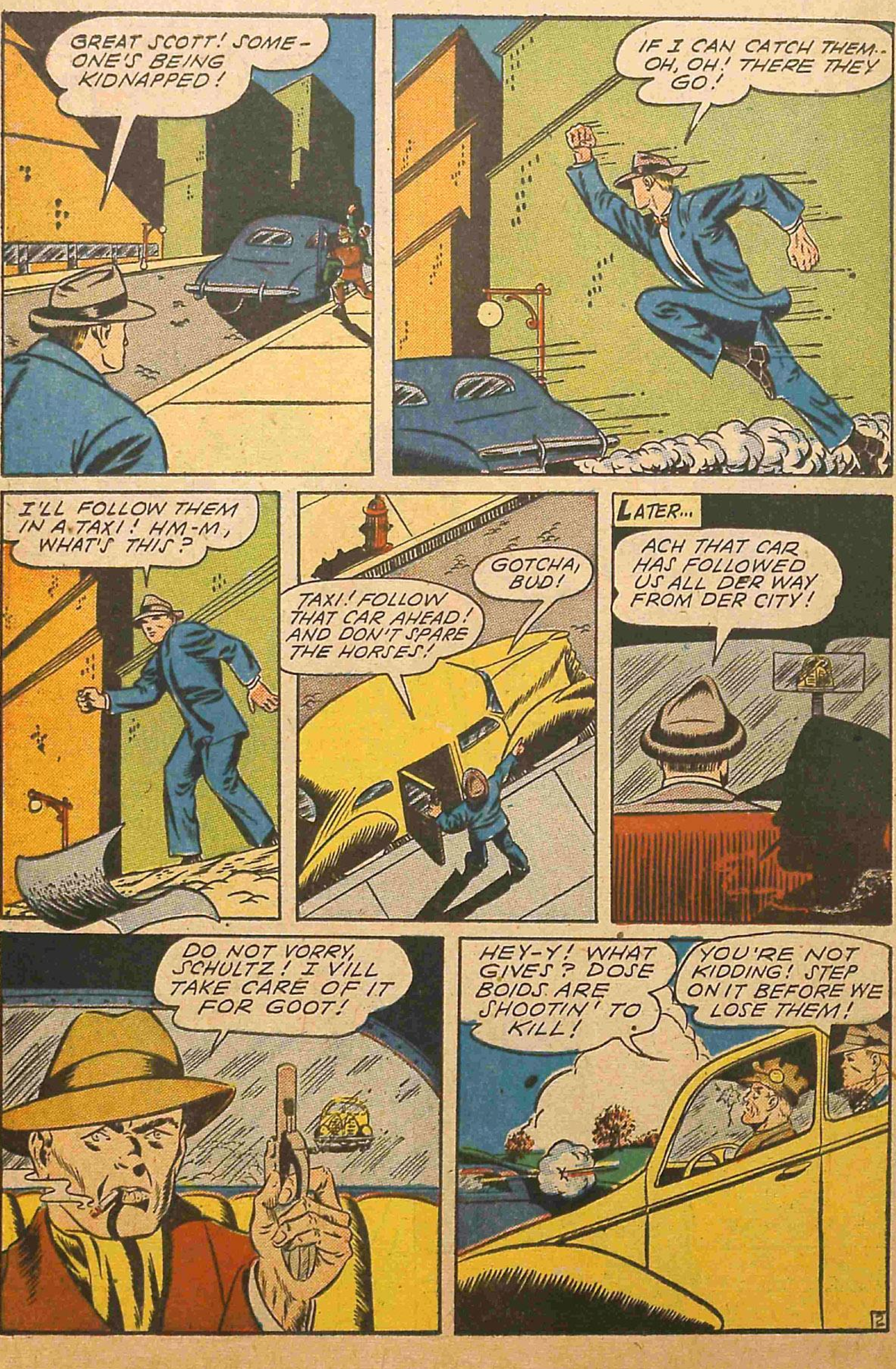

I AM DON ALVAREZ! PEDRO WAS MY BROTHER! WHEN HE WENT BAD, I DISOWNED HIM! BUT WHEN HE WAS SHOT IN A GUN BATTLE BY THE POLICE, I THOUGHT IT ONLY RIGHT TO BURY HIM IN OUR ANCESTRAL VAULT!
BUT I SAW HIM TONIGHT---- HE ROBBED A BANK!
DON ALVAREZ TURNS PALE, AND HE CALLS HIS SERVANT---!
WHA--??? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! CARLO, SHOW THE LADY THE TOMB! YOU WILL SEE THE CORPSE THERE!
CARLO, THE SERVANT, HOLDING A LAMP, LIGHTS UP THE INSIDE OF THE TOMB!
THERE'S PEDRO'S COFFIN!
THE COFFIN'S EMPTY!
MEANWHILE, THE WALKING CORPSE FACES HIS BROTHER IN THE HOUSE!
PEDRO?? ALIVE?!
NO, DEAR BROTHER! I'M DEAD! BUT I'VE COME BACK FOR MY RIGHTFUL HERITAGE!
AND AS MISS AMERICA LEAVES THE TOMB, SHE SEES TWO SHADOWS AGAINST A WINDOW!
DON ALVAREZ-- IN TROUBLE!!

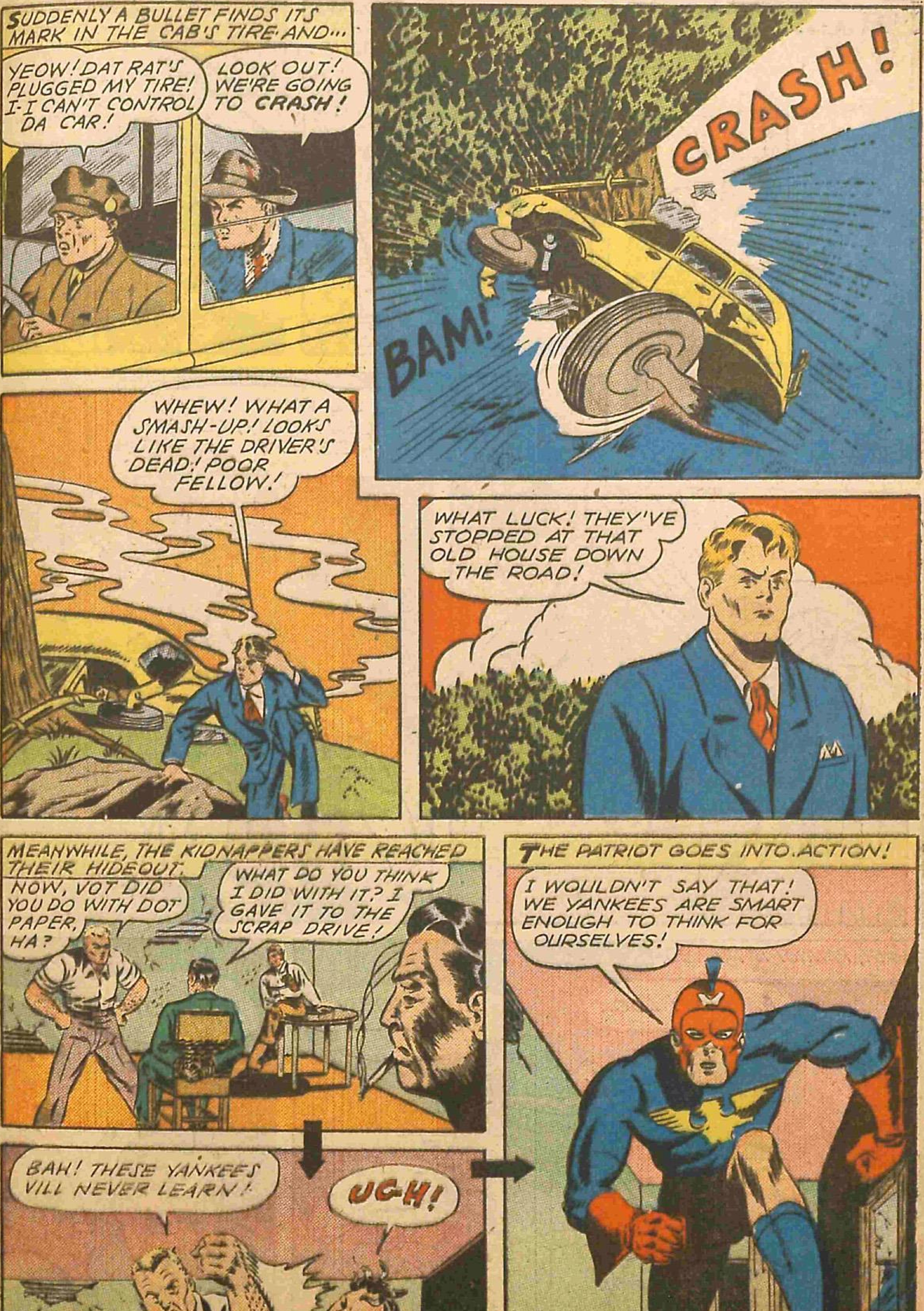

AS MISS AMERICA CRASHES THRU THE WINDOW, SHE SEES PEDRO HOLDING DON ALVAREZ BY THE THROAT AND THREATENING HIM WITH A KNIFE!
QUICK! WHERE IS THE GOLD?
TAKE THIS, KILLER!!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE TOWER-ROOM!
IT'S HORRIBLE! DEAD OR NOT, HE WANTS MY LIFE BESIDES THE MONEY!
RELAX, SIR! I'LL TRACK HIM DOWN!
HERE'S THE TOWER-ROOM!
NOW WHERE COULD HE BE HIDING?

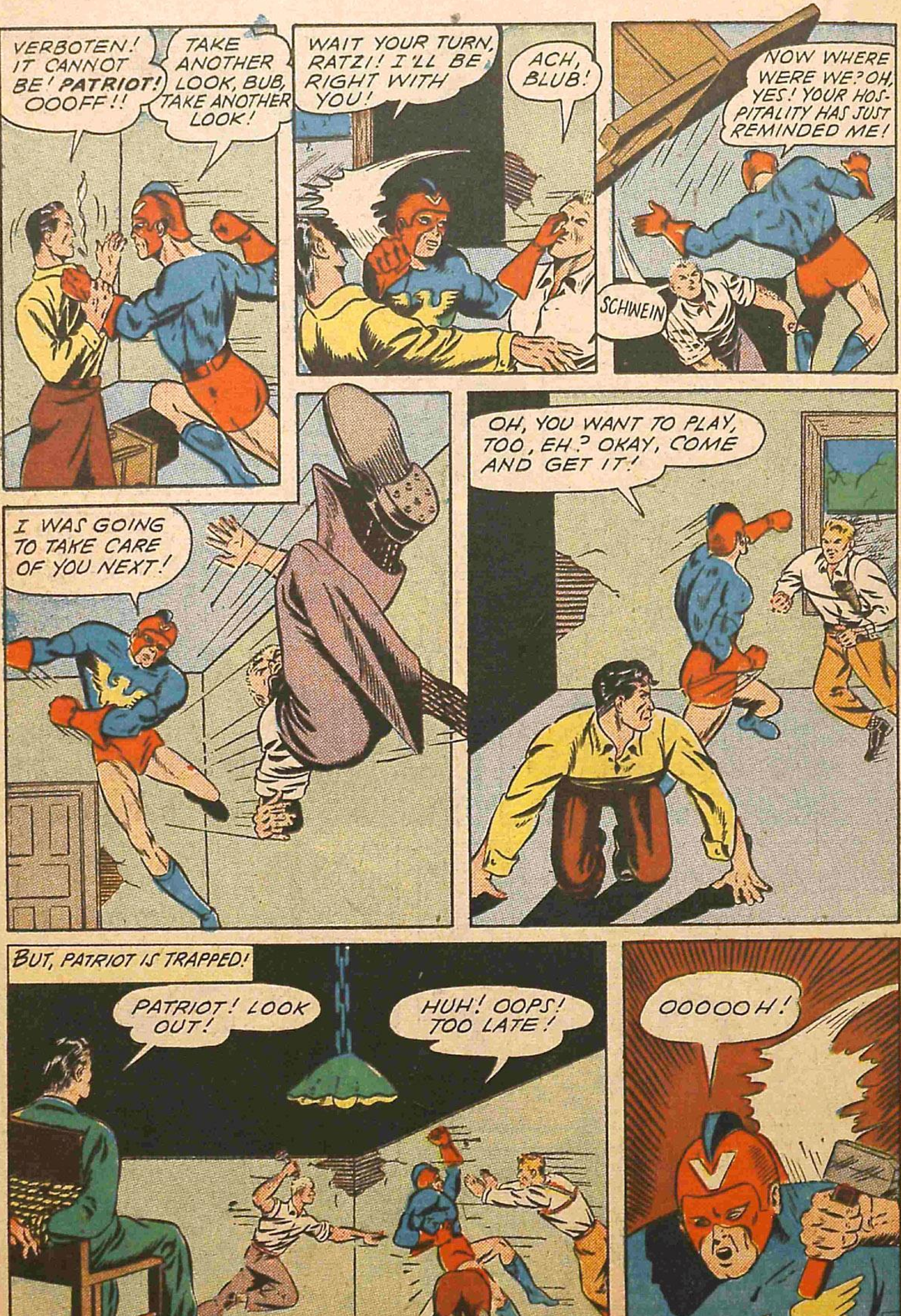

BUT THE KILLER HIDING IN A SUIT OF ARMOR, SNEAKS UP ON MISS AMERICA, AND---
HA, HA, HA!
KLANK!
OHHHH!
DRAGS HER UNCONSCIOUS BODY OUT ONTO THE ROOF!
YOU'VE INTERFERED ENOUGH, GIRLIE!
THE KILLER FLINGS HER OFF THE ROOF!
HAPPY LANDING! HA! HA! HA!
BUT THE COOL AIR RUSHING BY, AS SHE FALLS, REVIVES HER!
WHA---?? OH I'M FALLING!
AS MISS AMERICA ZOOMS BACK TO THE WINDOW OF THE TOWER ROOM!
WHEW!! JUST MADE IT! NOW TO GET THAT KILLER!
ZOOM!

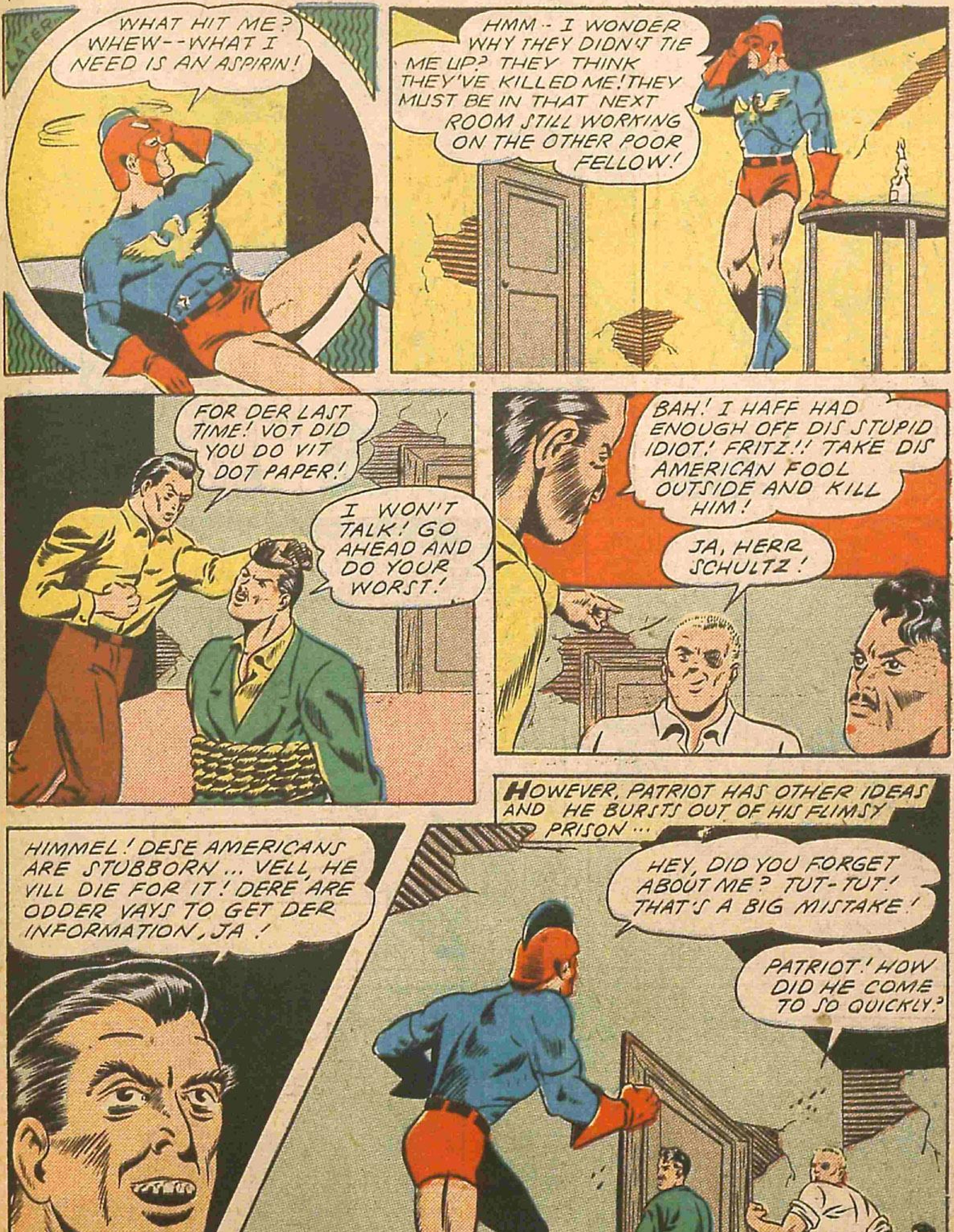

MEANWHILE, HAVING DROPPED HIS ARMOR SUIT, KILLER PEDRO HAS STUMBLED ACROSS THE FAMILY GOLD!
MINE! ALL MINE!
STOP, PEDRO!
FOOL! YOU TRIED TO CUT ME OUT, BECAUSE I WAS A CRIMINAL! NOW THE GOLD IS MINE!
HELP!
WHAT THE?? YOU AGAIN?? BUT YOU'RE DEAD!
NO DEADER THAN YOU ARE, CHUM!
MISS AMERICA TAKES ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF KILLER PEDRO WITH ONE FINAL PUNCH!
UGHH!
POW!
DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! I'LL CONFESS! I WENT INTO A COMA WHEN THE COPS SHOT ME! THE BULLET GRAZED MY HEAD! I WOKE UP IN THE TOMB, ALIVE! I FIGURED IT WAS A PERFECT CHANCE TO PRETEND TO BE REALLY DEAD!
AND NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT A DEAD MAN OF ANY CRIME JOBS! PRETTY CLEVER! BUT NOW YOU GO TO JAIL WHERE YOU BELONG!
MISS AMERICA, NOW AS MADELINE, REACHES HOME BEFORE HER UNCLE, AND AS HE COMES IN---
OH, THERE YOU ARE! I'M GLAD YOU CAME RIGHT HOME! I SEE YOU HAVE A PAPER! WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO SAY?
WALKING CORPSE PROVED FAKE BY MISS AMERICA!
PEDRO SHOT BY POLICE IN GUN BATTLE SOME WEEKS AGO AND BE-LIEVED DEAD!
THE END

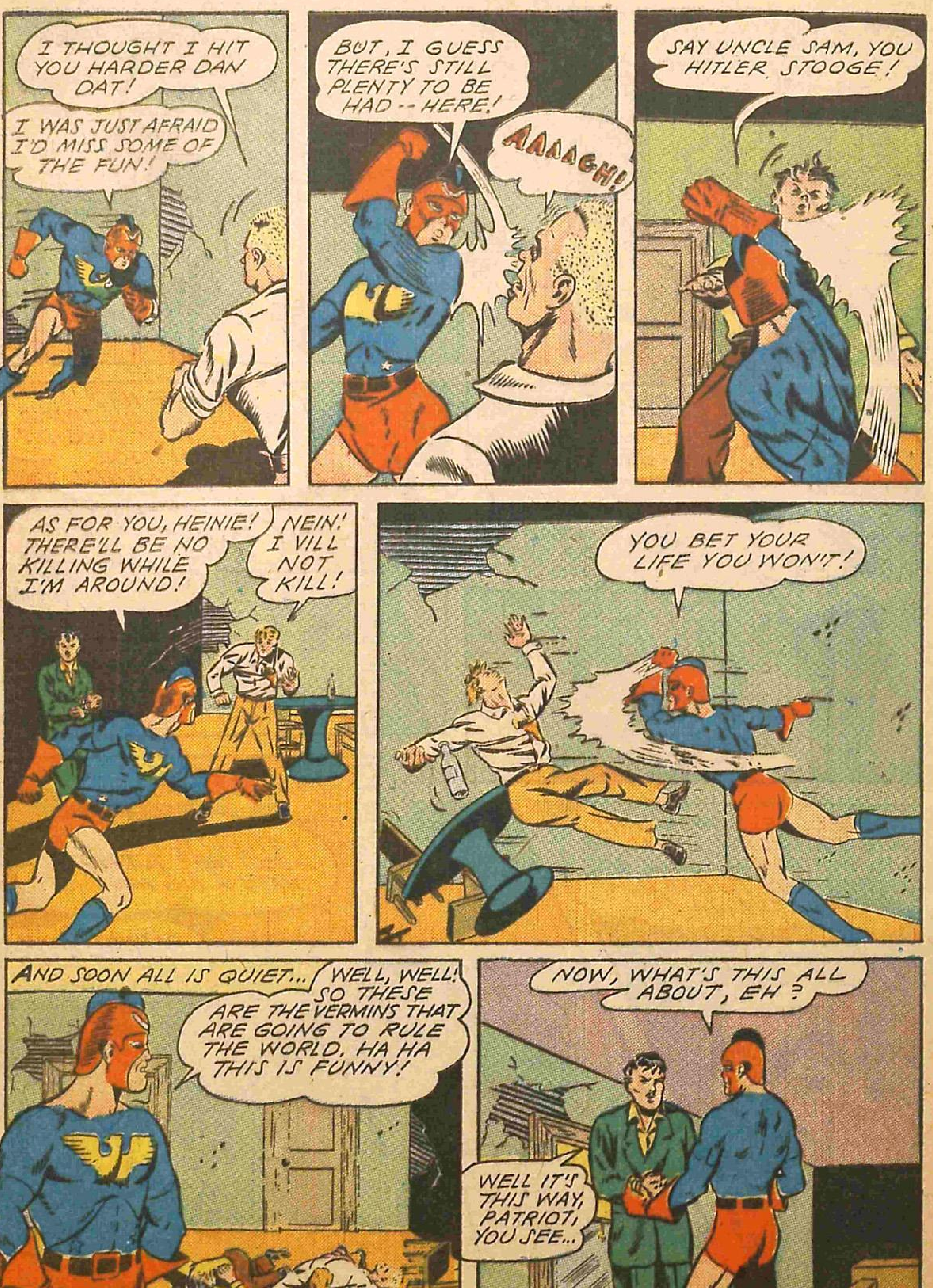

The PATRIOT
THE PATRIOT- JEFF MACE, ACE REPORTER, IN HIS CIVILIAN LIFE - WALKS HOME AFTER A BUSY DAY AT THE OFFICE...
HUH-- THIS IS A DARK AND GLOOMY NIGHT-- GOOD NIGHT FOR A MURDER...
SUDDENLY --
WHAT'S THAT?
HELP!

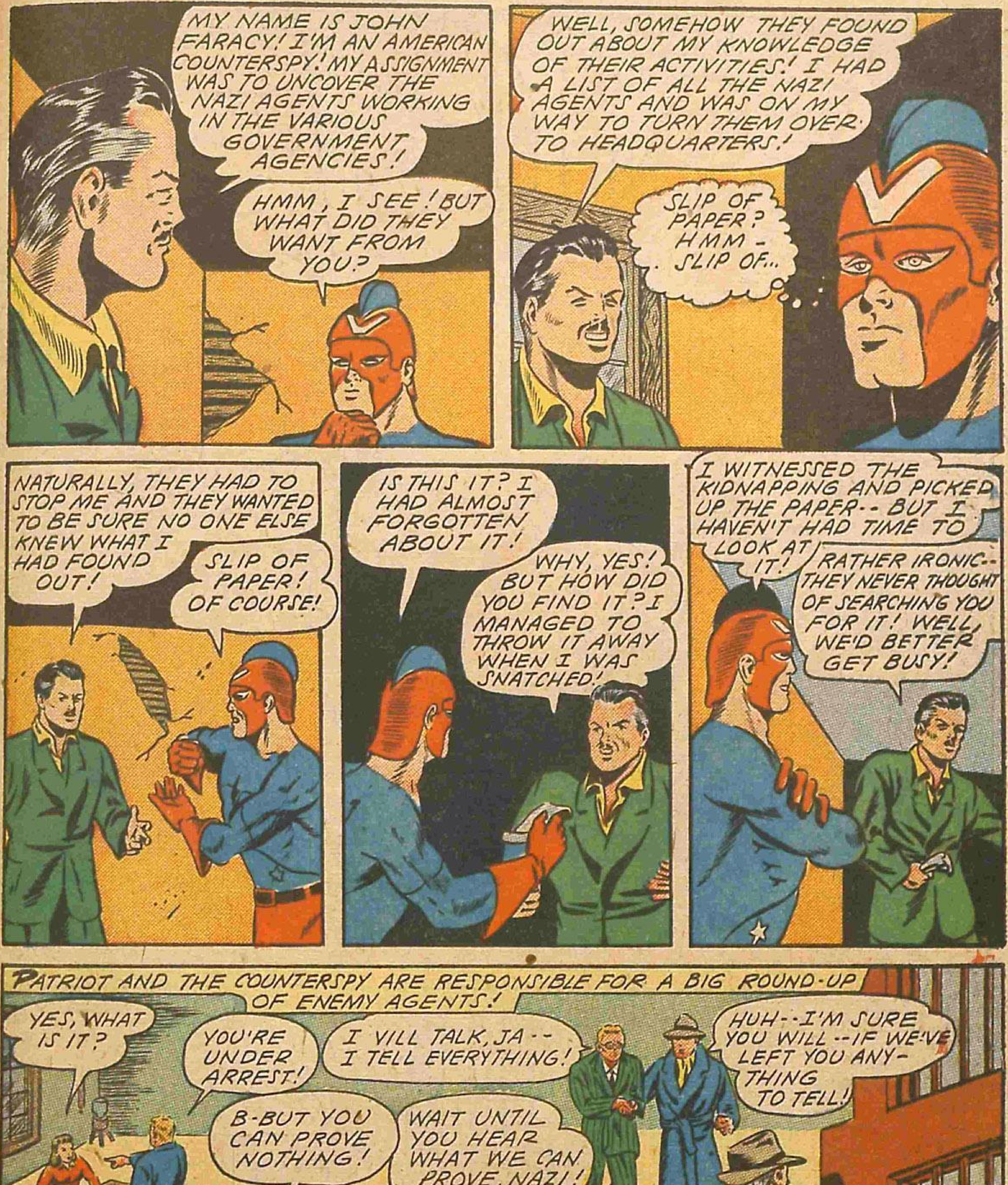

GREAT SCOTT! SOME-ONE'S BEING KIDNAPPED!
IF I CAN CATCH THEM.. OH, OH! THERE THEY GO!
I'LL FOLLOW THEM IN A TAXI! HM-M, WHAT'S THIS?
GOTCHA, BUD!
TAXI! FOLLOW THAT CAR AHEAD! AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!
LATER...
ACH THAT CAR HAS FOLLOWED US ALL DER WAY FROM DER CITY!
DO NOT VORRY, SCHULTZ! I VILL TAKE CARE OF IT FOR GOOT!
HEY-Y! WHAT GIVES? DOSE BOIDS ARE SHOOTIN' TO KILL!
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! STEP ON IT BEFORE WE LOSE THEM!


SUDDENLY A BULLET FINDS ITS MARK IN THE CAB'S TIRE AND...
YEOW! DAT RAT'S PLUGGED MY TIRE! I-I CAN'T CONTROL DA CAR!
LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
CRASH!
BAM!
WHEW! WHAT A SMASH-UP! LOOKS LIKE THE DRIVER'S DEAD! POOR FELLOW!
WHAT LUCK! THEY'VE STOPPED AT THAT OLD HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD!
MEANWHILE, THE KIDNAPPERS HAVE REACHED THEIR HIDEOUT.
NOW, VOT DID YOU DO WITH DOT PAPER, HA?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I DID WITH IT? I GAVE IT TO THE SCRAP DRIVE!
BAH! THESE YANKEES VILL NEVER LEARN!
UGH!
THE PATRIOT GOES INTO ACTION!
I WOULDN'T SAY THAT! WE YANKEES ARE SMART ENOUGH TO THINK FOR OURSELVES!

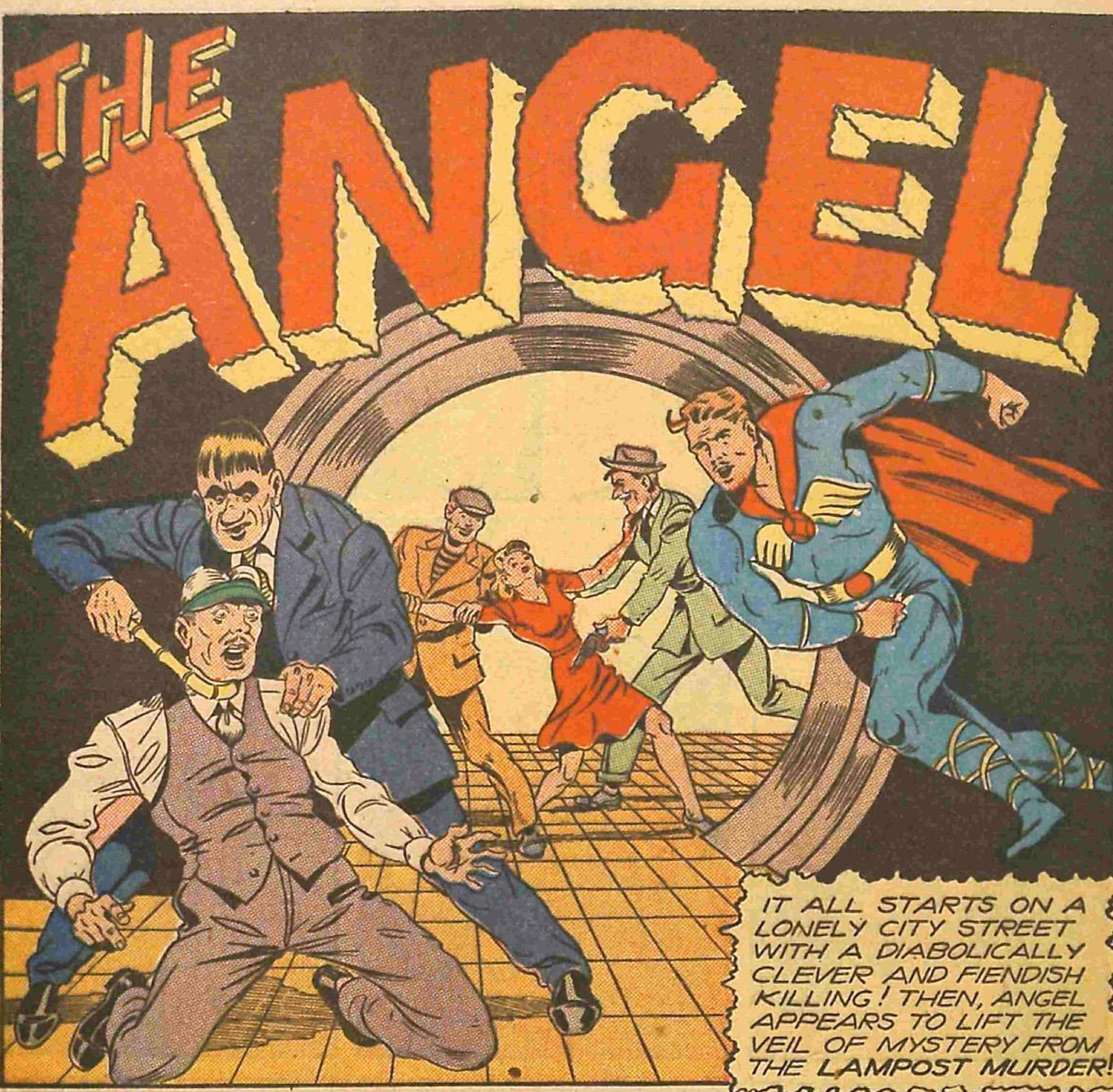

VERBOTEN! IT CANNOT BE! **PATRIOT!** OOOFF!!
TAKE ANOTHER LOOK, BUB, TAKE ANOTHER LOOK!
WAIT YOUR TURN, RATZI! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
ACH, BLUB!
NOW WHERE WERE WE? OH, YES! YOUR HOSPITALITY HAS JUST REMINDED ME!
SCHWEIN
I WAS GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOU NEXT!
OH, YOU WANT TO PLAY, TOO, EH? OKAY, COME AND GET IT!
BUT, PATRIOT IS TRAPPED!
PATRIOT! LOOK OUT!
HUH! OOPS! TOO LATE!
OOOOOH!
4

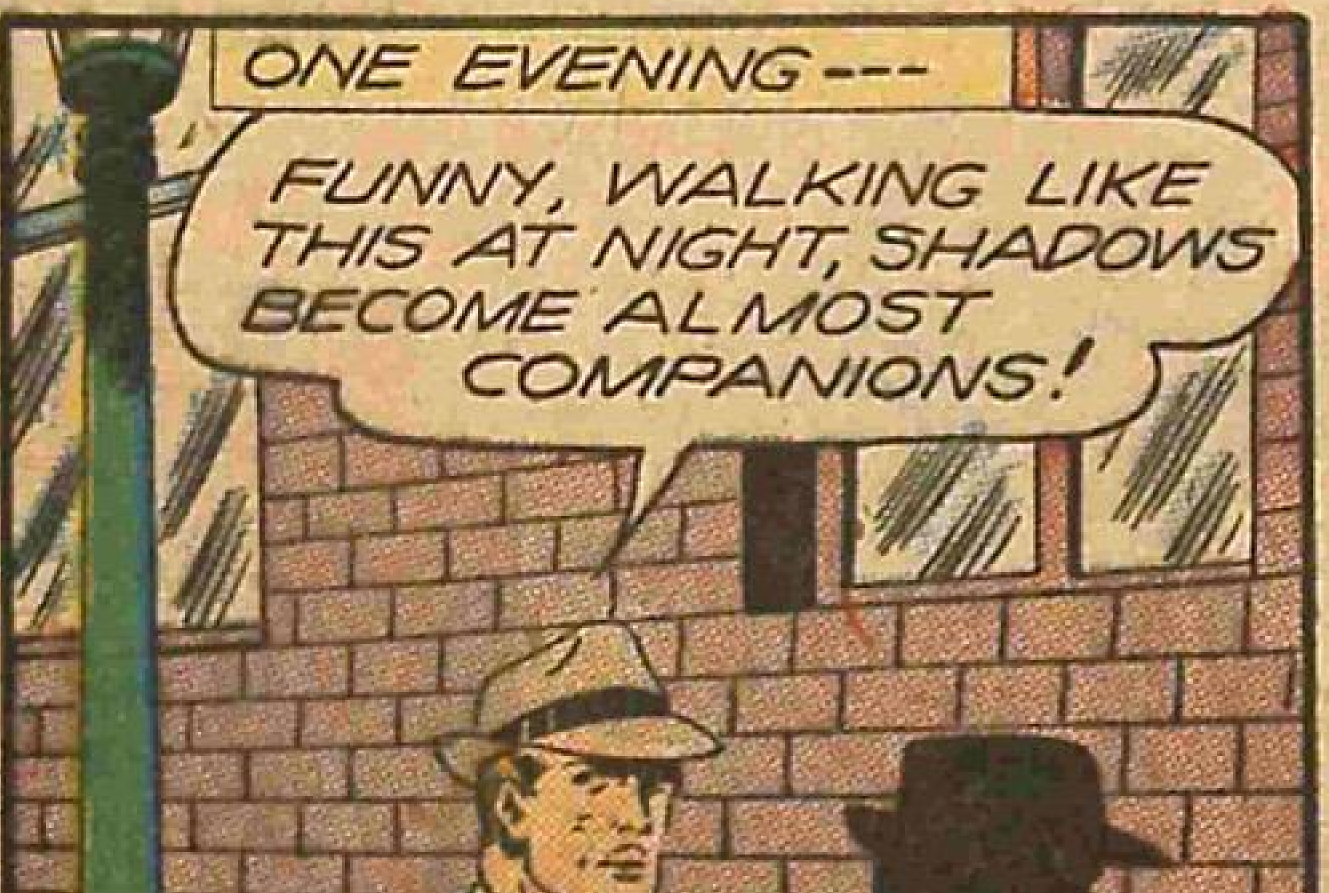

LATER
WHAT HIT ME? WHEW--WHAT I NEED IS AN ASPIRIN!
HMM - I WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T TIE ME UP? THEY THINK THEY'VE KILLED ME! THEY MUST BE IN THAT NEXT ROOM STILL WORKING ON THE OTHER POOR FELLOW!
FOR DER LAST TIME! VOT DID YOU DO VIT DOT PAPER!
I WON'T TALK! GO AHEAD AND DO YOUR WORST!
BAH! I HAFF HAD ENOUGH OFF DIS STUPID IDIOT! FRITZ!! TAKE DIS AMERICAN FOOL OUTSIDE AND KILL HIM!
JA, HERR SCHULTZ!
HOWEVER, PATRIOT HAS OTHER IDEAS AND HE BURSTS OUT OF HIS FLIMSY PRISON...
HIMMEL! DESE AMERICANS ARE STUBBORN ... VELL, HE VILL DIE FOR IT! DERE ARE ODDER VAYS TO GET DER INFORMATION, JA!
HEY, DID YOU FORGET ABOUT ME? TUT-TUT! THAT'S A BIG MISTAKE!
PATRIOT! HOW DID HE COME TO SO QUICKLY?

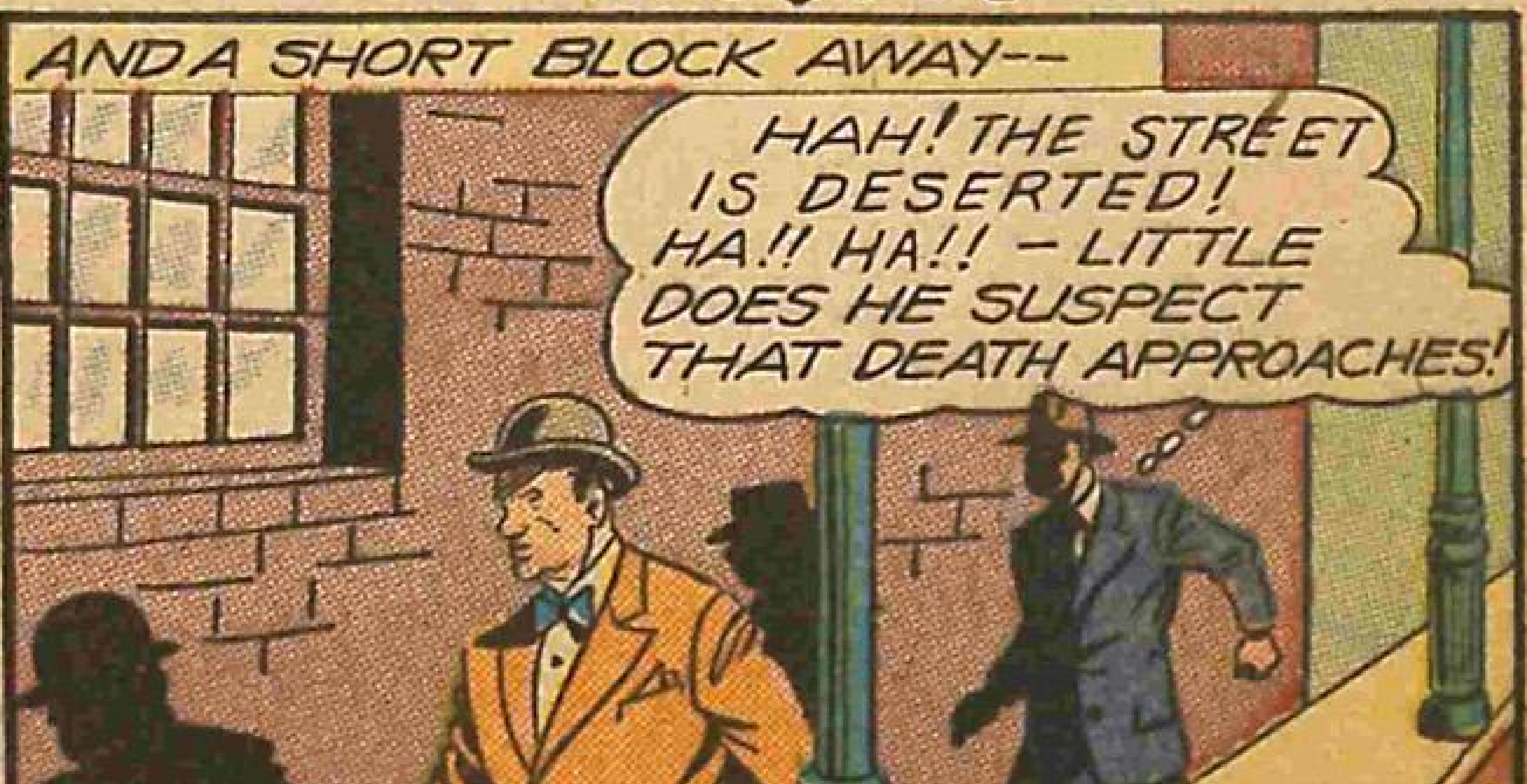

I THOUGHT I HIT YOU HARDER DAN DAT!
I WAS JUST AFRAID I'D MISS SOME OF THE FUN!
BUT, I GUESS THERE'S STILL PLENTY TO BE HAD -- HERE!
AAAAGH!
SAY UNCLE SAM, YOU HITLER STOOGE!
AS FOR YOU, HEINIE! THERE'LL BE NO KILLING WHILE I'M AROUND!
NEIN! I VILL NOT KILL!
YOU BET YOUR LIFE YOU WON'T!
AND SOON ALL IS QUIET...
WELL, WELL! SO THESE ARE THE VERMINS THAT ARE GOING TO RULE THE WORLD. HA HA THIS IS FUNNY!
NOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, EH?
WELL IT'S THIS WAY, PATRIOT, YOU SEE...
6

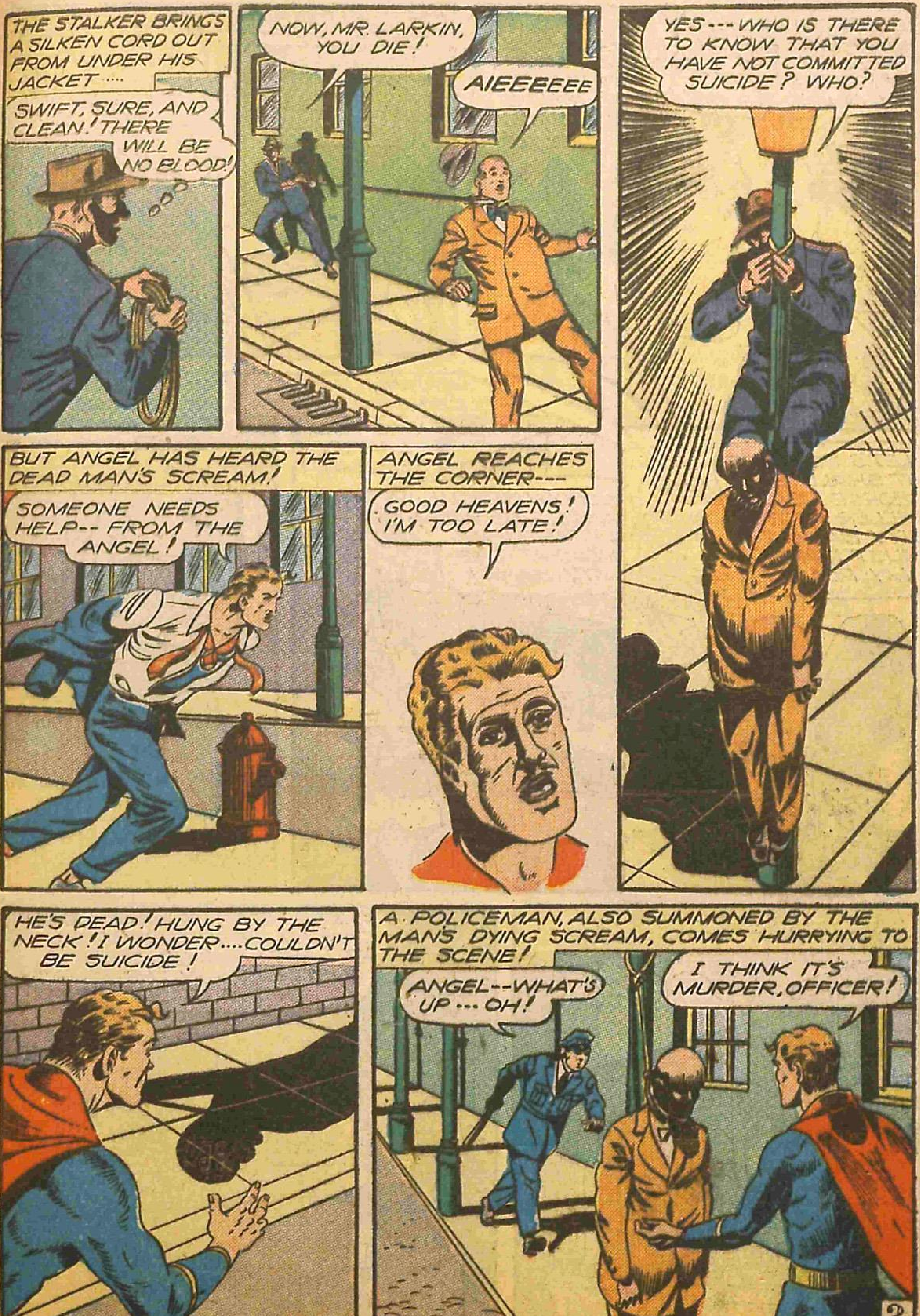

MY NAME IS JOHN FARACY! I'M AN AMERICAN COUNTERSPY! MY ASSIGNMENT WAS TO UNCOVER THE NAZI AGENTS WORKING IN THE VARIOUS GOVERNMENT AGENCIES!
HMM, I SEE! BUT WHAT DID THEY WANT FROM YOU?
WELL, SOMEHOW THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT MY KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR ACTIVITIES! I HAD A LIST OF ALL THE NAZI AGENTS AND WAS ON MY WAY TO TURN THEM OVER TO HEADQUARTERS!
SLIP OF PAPER? HMM - SLIP OF...
NATURALLY, THEY HAD TO STOP ME AND THEY WANTED TO BE SURE NO ONE ELSE KNEW WHAT I HAD FOUND OUT!
SLIP OF PAPER! OF COURSE!
IS THIS IT? I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT!
WHY, YES! BUT HOW DID YOU FIND IT? I MANAGED TO THROW IT AWAY WHEN I WAS SNATCHED!
I WITNESSED THE KIDNAPPING AND PICKED UP THE PAPER-- BUT I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO LOOK AT IT!
RATHER IRONIC-- THEY NEVER THOUGHT OF SEARCHING YOU FOR IT! WELL, WE'D BETTER GET BUSY!
PATRIOT AND THE COUNTERSPY ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR A BIG ROUND-UP OF ENEMY AGENTS!
YES, WHAT IS IT?
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
I VILL TALK, JA-- I TELL EVERYTHING!
HUH--I'M SURE YOU WILL --IF WE'VE LEFT YOU ANYTHING TO TELL!
B-BUT YOU CAN PROVE NOTHING!
WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR WHAT WE CAN PROVE, NAZI!
THE END

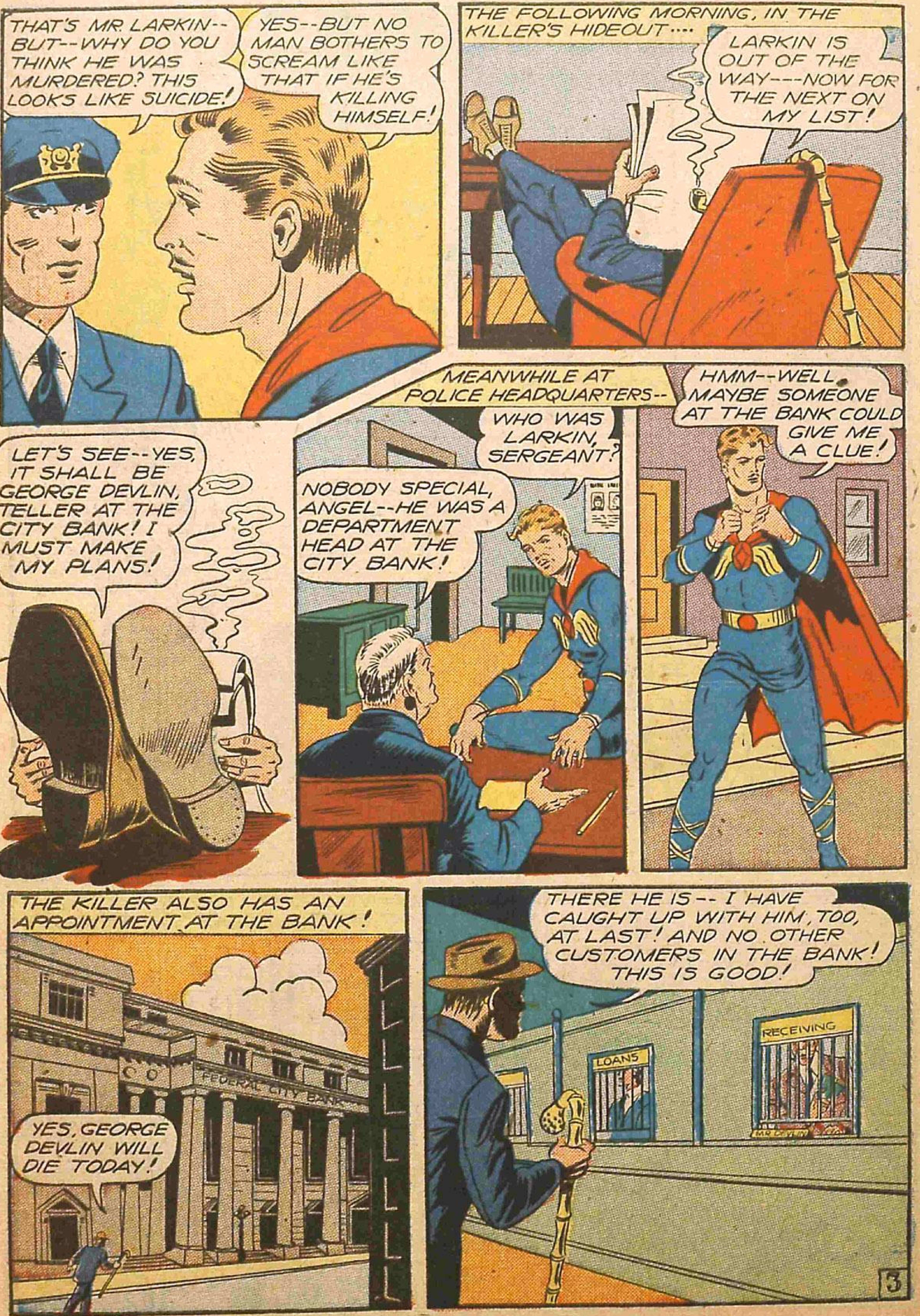
THE ANGEL

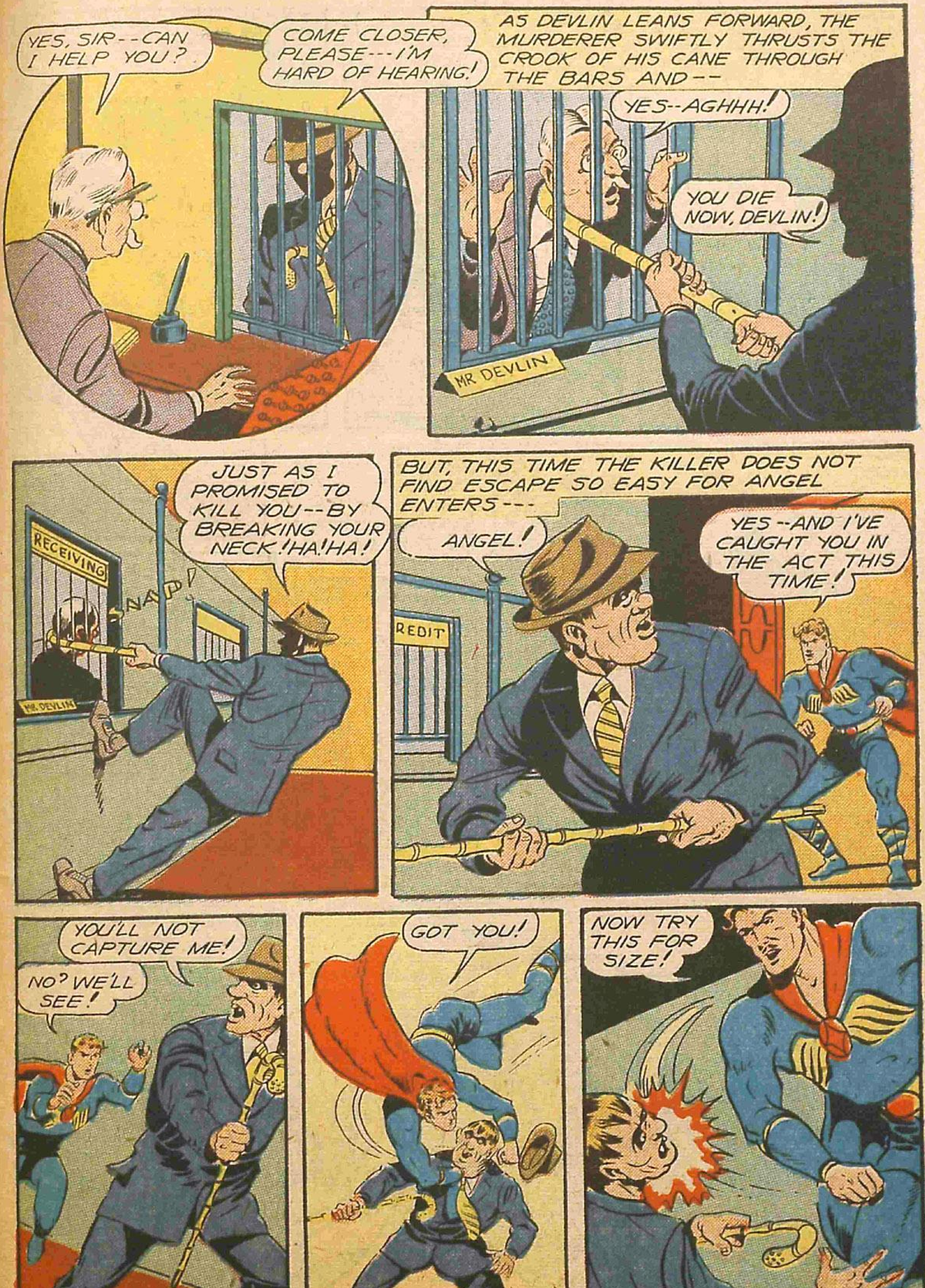

IT ALL STARTS ON A LONELY CITY STREET WITH A DIABOLICALLY CLEVER AND FIENDISH KILLING! THEN, ANGEL APPEARS TO LIFT THE VEIL OF MYSTERY FROM THE LAMPOST MURDER!

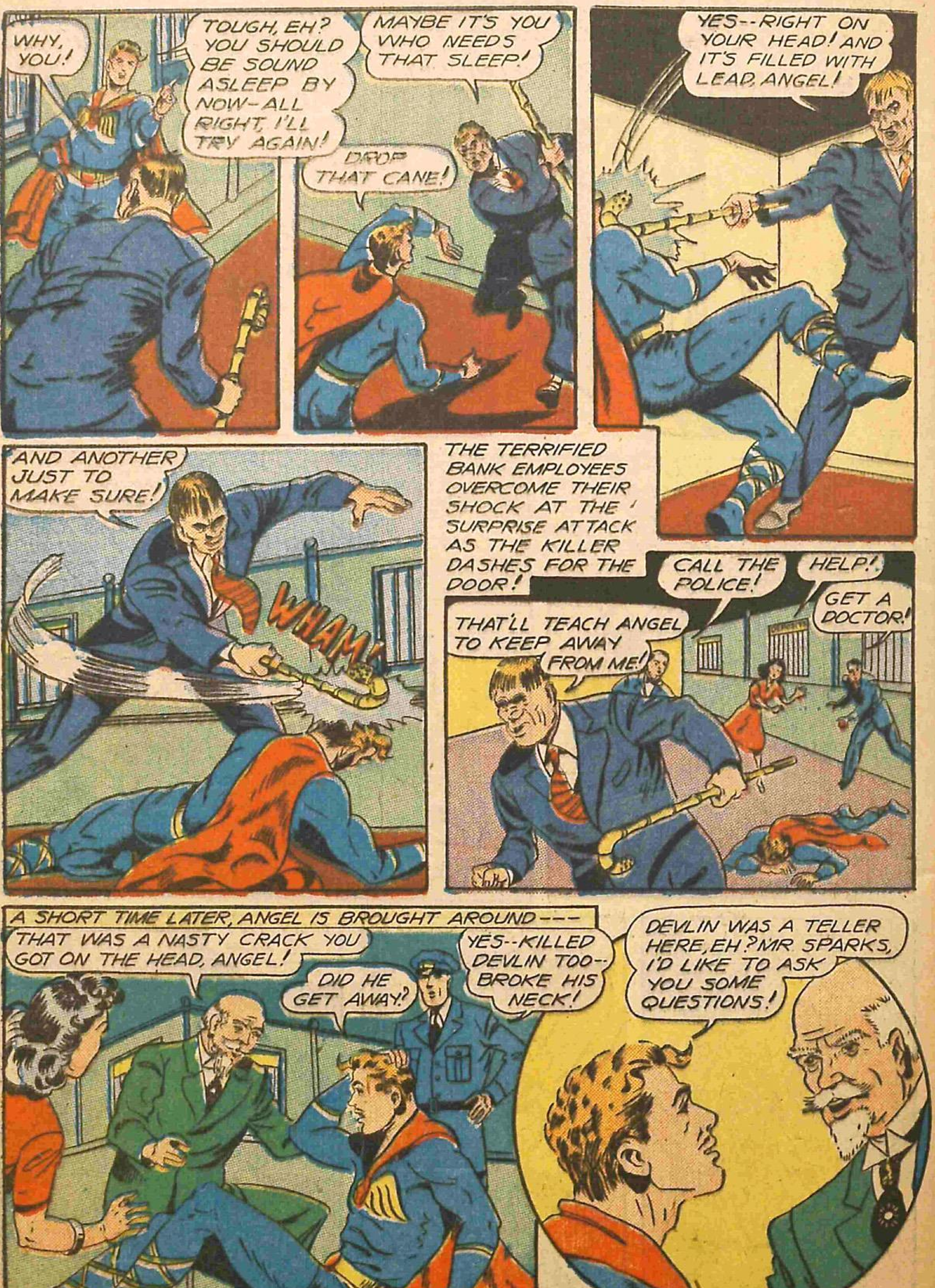

ONE EVENING---
FUNNY, WALKING LIKE THIS AT NIGHT, SHADOWS BECOME ALMOST COMPANIONS!

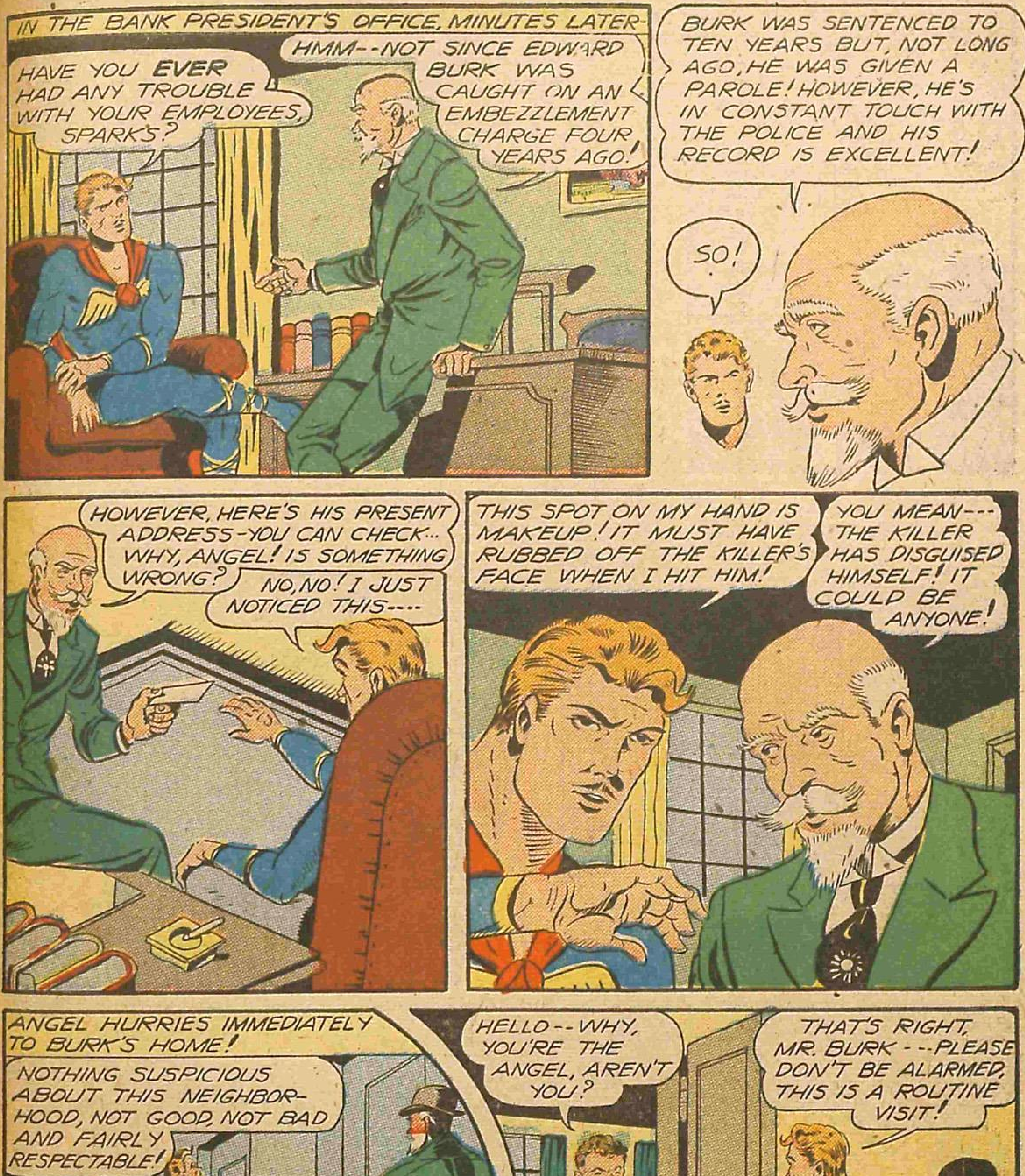

AND A SHORT BLOCK AWAY--
HAH! THE STREET IS DESERTED! HA!! HA!! - LITTLE DOES HE SUSPECT THAT DEATH APPROACHES!

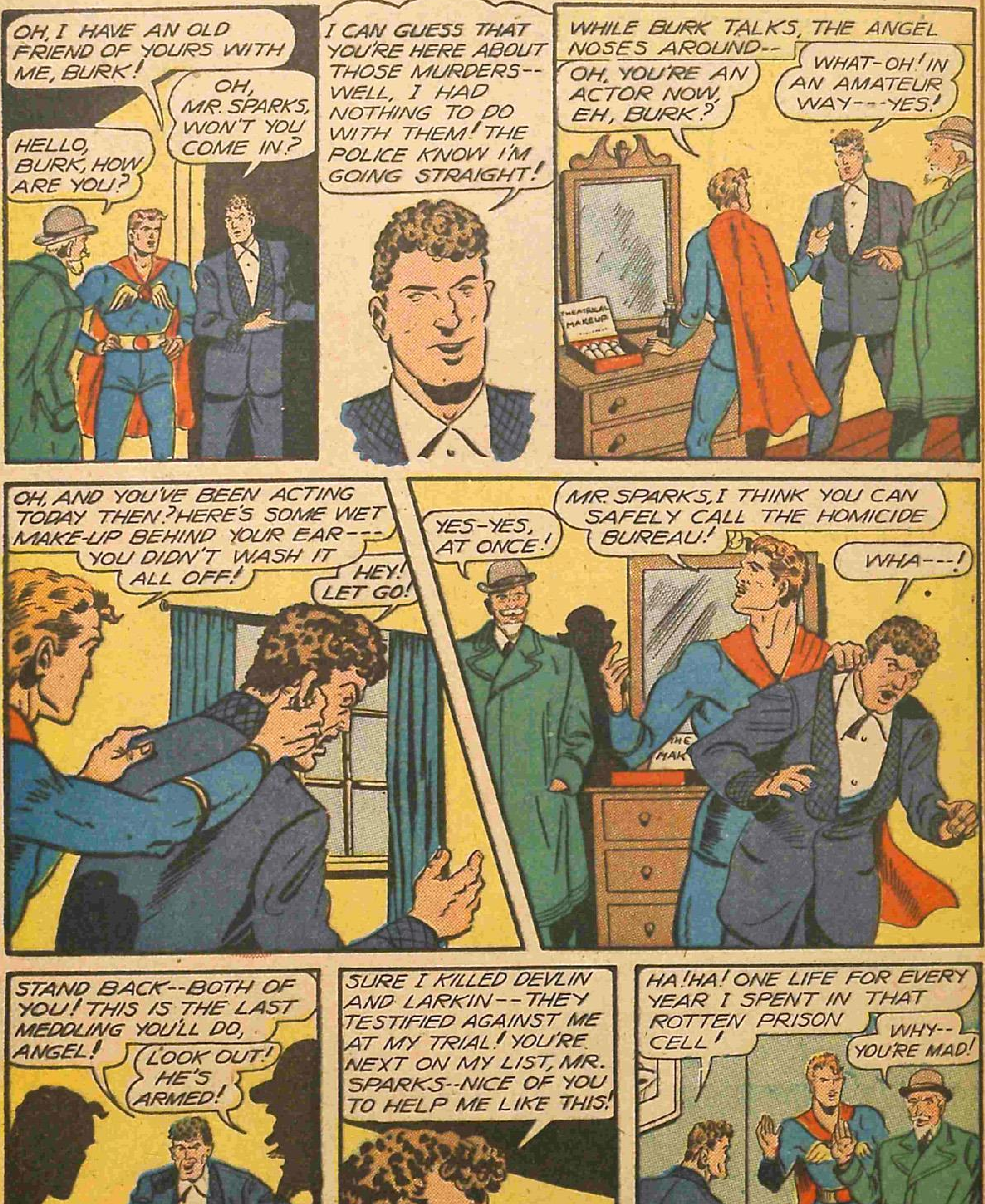

THE STALKER BRINGS A SILKEN CORD OUT FROM UNDER HIS JACKET....
SWIFT, SURE, AND CLEAN! THERE WILL BE NO BLOOD!
NOW, MR. LARKIN, YOU DIE!
AIEEEEEE
YES --- WHO IS THERE TO KNOW THAT YOU HAVE NOT COMMITTED SUICIDE? WHO?
BUT ANGEL HAS HEARD THE DEAD MAN'S SCREAM!
SOMEONE NEEDS HELP-- FROM THE ANGEL!
ANGEL REACHES THE CORNER---
GOOD HEAVENS! I'M TOO LATE!
HE'S DEAD! HUNG BY THE NECK! I WONDER....COULDN'T BE SUICIDE!
A POLICEMAN, ALSO SUMMONED BY THE MAN'S DYING SCREAM, COMES HURRYING TO THE SCENE!
ANGEL--WHAT'S UP --- OH!
I THINK IT'S MURDER, OFFICER!

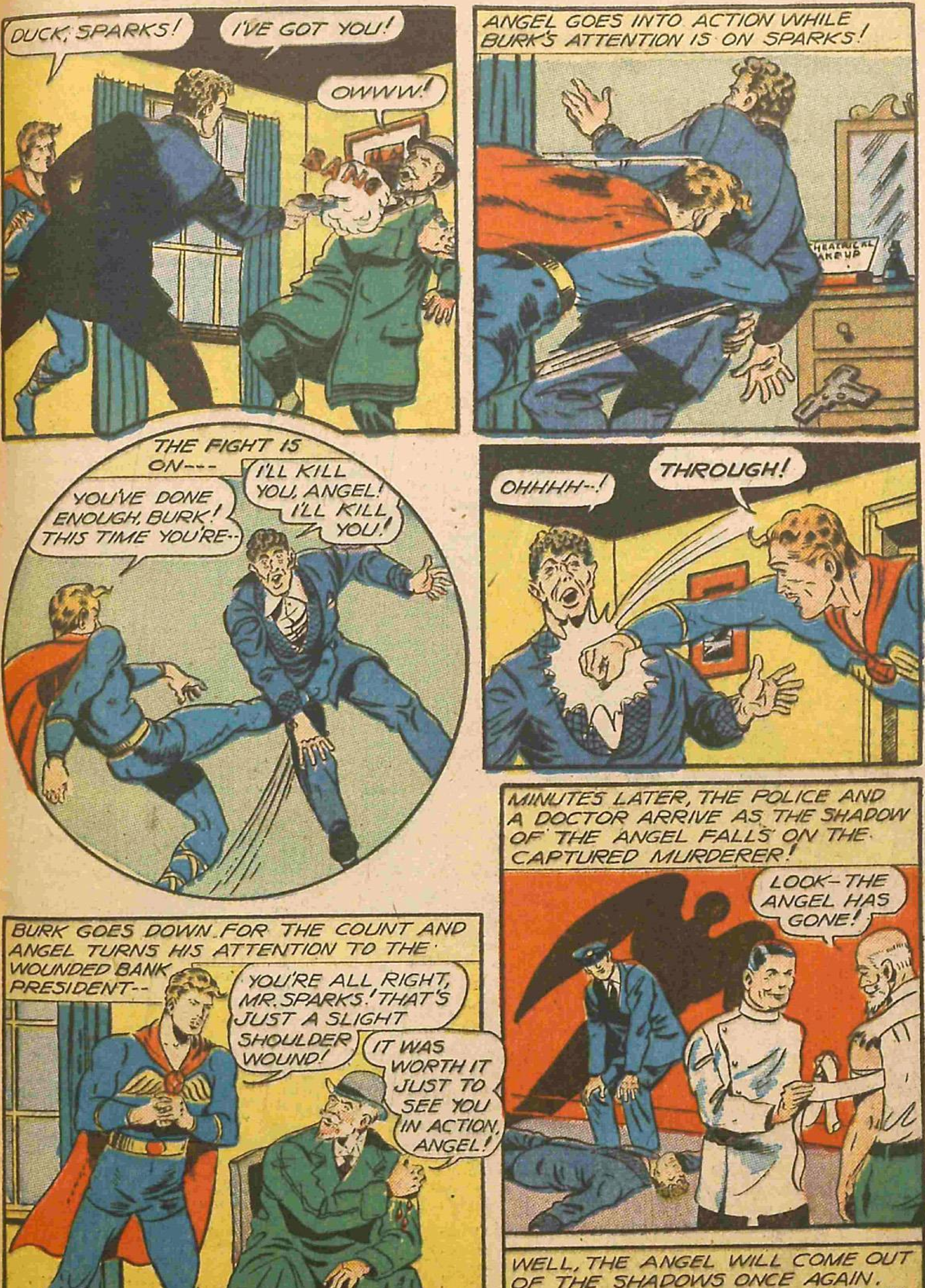

THAT'S MR. LARKIN-- BUT--WHY DO YOU THINK HE WAS MURDERED? THIS LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE!
YES--BUT NO MAN BOTHERS TO SCREAM LIKE THAT IF HE'S KILLING HIMSELF!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, IN THE KILLER'S HIDEOUT....
LARKIN IS OUT OF THE WAY---NOW FOR THE NEXT ON MY LIST!
MEANWHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS--
LET'S SEE--YES, IT SHALL BE GEORGE DEVLIN, TELLER AT THE CITY BANK! I MUST MAKE MY PLANS!
WHO WAS LARKIN, SERGEANT?
NOBODY SPECIAL, ANGEL--HE WAS A DEPARTMENT HEAD AT THE CITY BANK!
HMM--WELL, MAYBE SOMEONE AT THE BANK COULD GIVE ME A CLUE!
THE KILLER ALSO HAS AN APPOINTMENT AT THE BANK!
FEDERAL CITY BANK
YES, GEORGE DEVLIN WILL DIE TODAY!
THERE HE IS -- I HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, TOO, AT LAST! AND NO OTHER CUSTOMERS IN THE BANK! THIS IS GOOD!
LOANS
RECEIVING
MR DEVLIN


YES, SIR--CAN I HELP YOU?
COME CLOSER, PLEASE---I'M HARD OF HEARING!
AS DEVLIN LEANS FORWARD, THE MURDERER SWIFTLY THRUSTS THE CROOK OF HIS CANE THROUGH THE BARS AND--
YES--AGHHH!
YOU DIE NOW, DEVLIN!
MR DEVLIN
JUST AS I PROMISED TO KILL YOU--BY BREAKING YOUR NECK! HA! HA!
RECEIVING
SNAP!
MR. DEVLIN
BUT, THIS TIME THE KILLER DOES NOT FIND ESCAPE SO EASY FOR ANGEL ENTERS---
ANGEL!
YES--AND I'VE CAUGHT YOU IN THE ACT THIS TIME!
REDIT
YOU'LL NOT CAPTURE ME!
NO? WE'LL SEE!
GOT YOU!
NOW TRY THIS FOR SIZE!


WHY, YOU!
TOUGH, EH? YOU SHOULD BE SOUND ASLEEP BY NOW--ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY AGAIN!
MAYBE IT'S YOU WHO NEEDS THAT SLEEP!
DROP THAT CANE!
YES--RIGHT ON YOUR HEAD! AND IT'S FILLED WITH LEAD, ANGEL!
AND ANOTHER JUST TO MAKE SURE!
WHAM!
THE TERRIFIED BANK EMPLOYEES OVERCOME THEIR SHOCK AT THE SURPRISE ATTACK AS THE KILLER DASHES FOR THE DOOR!
CALL THE POLICE!
HELP!
GET A DOCTOR!
THAT'LL TEACH ANGEL TO KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
A SHORT TIME LATER, ANGEL IS BROUGHT AROUND---
THAT WAS A NASTY CRACK YOU GOT ON THE HEAD, ANGEL!
DID HE GET AWAY?
YES--KILLED DEVLIN TOO--BROKE HIS NECK!
DEVLIN WAS A TELLER HERE, EH? MR SPARKS, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!
5


IN THE BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, MINUTES LATER-
HAVE YOU EVER HAD ANY TROUBLE WITH YOUR EMPLOYEES, SPARKS?
HMM--NOT SINCE EDWARD BURK WAS CAUGHT ON AN EMBEZZLEMENT CHARGE FOUR YEARS AGO!
BURK WAS SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS BUT, NOT LONG AGO, HE WAS GIVEN A PAROLE! HOWEVER, HE'S IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH THE POLICE AND HIS RECORD IS EXCELLENT!
SO!
HOWEVER, HERE'S HIS PRESENT ADDRESS-YOU CAN CHECK... WHY, ANGEL! IS SOMETHING WRONG?
NO, NO! I JUST NOTICED THIS----
THIS SPOT ON MY HAND IS MAKEUP! IT MUST HAVE RUBBED OFF THE KILLER'S FACE WHEN I HIT HIM!
YOU MEAN--- THE KILLER HAS DISGUISED HIMSELF! IT COULD BE ANYONE!
ANGEL HURRIES IMMEDIATELY TO BURK'S HOME!
NOTHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, NOT GOOD, NOT BAD AND FAIRLY RESPECTABLE!
HELLO--WHY, YOU'RE THE ANGEL, AREN'T YOU?
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. BURK---PLEASE DON'T BE ALARMED, THIS IS A ROUTINE VISIT!


OH, I HAVE AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS WITH ME, BURK!
OH, MR. SPARKS, WON'T YOU COME IN?
HELLO, BURK, HOW ARE YOU?
I CAN GUESS THAT YOU'RE HERE ABOUT THOSE MURDERS--WELL, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM! THE POLICE KNOW I'M GOING STRAIGHT!
WHILE BURK TALKS, THE ANGEL NOSES AROUND--
OH, YOU'RE AN ACTOR NOW, EH, BURK?
WHAT-OH! IN AN AMATEUR WAY---YES!
THEATRICAL MAKEUP
OH, AND YOU'VE BEEN ACTING TODAY THEN? HERE'S SOME WET MAKE-UP BEHIND YOUR EAR---YOU DIDN'T WASH IT ALL OFF!
HEY! LET GO!
MR. SPARKS, I THINK YOU CAN SAFELY CALL THE HOMICIDE BUREAU!
YES-YES, AT ONCE!
WHA---!
STAND BACK--BOTH OF YOU! THIS IS THE LAST MEDDLING YOU'LL DO, ANGEL!
LOOK OUT! HE'S ARMED!
SURE I KILLED DEVLIN AND LARKIN--THEY TESTIFIED AGAINST ME AT MY TRIAL! YOU'RE NEXT ON MY LIST, MR. SPARKS--NICE OF YOU TO HELP ME LIKE THIS!
HA! HA! ONE LIFE FOR EVERY YEAR I SPENT IN THAT ROTTEN PRISON CELL!
WHY--YOU'RE MAD!


DUCK, SPARKS!
I'VE GOT YOU!
OWWW!
BANG
ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION WHILE BURK'S ATTENTION IS ON SPARKS!
THEATRICAL MAKEUP
THE FIGHT IS ON---
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH, BURK! THIS TIME YOU'RE--
I'LL KILL YOU, ANGEL! I'LL KILL YOU!
OHHHH--!
THROUGH!
BURK GOES DOWN FOR THE COUNT AND ANGEL TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE WOUNDED BANK PRESIDENT--
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MR. SPARKS! THAT'S JUST A SLIGHT SHOULDER WOUND!
IT WAS WORTH IT JUST TO SEE YOU IN ACTION, ANGEL!
MINUTES LATER, THE POLICE AND A DOCTOR ARRIVE AS THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS ON THE CAPTURED MURDERER!
LOOK—THE ANGEL HAS GONE!
WELL, THE ANGEL WILL COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS ONCE AGAIN. IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS, TO BATTLE WITH CRIME!

WOW! THIS IS WHAT I WANT

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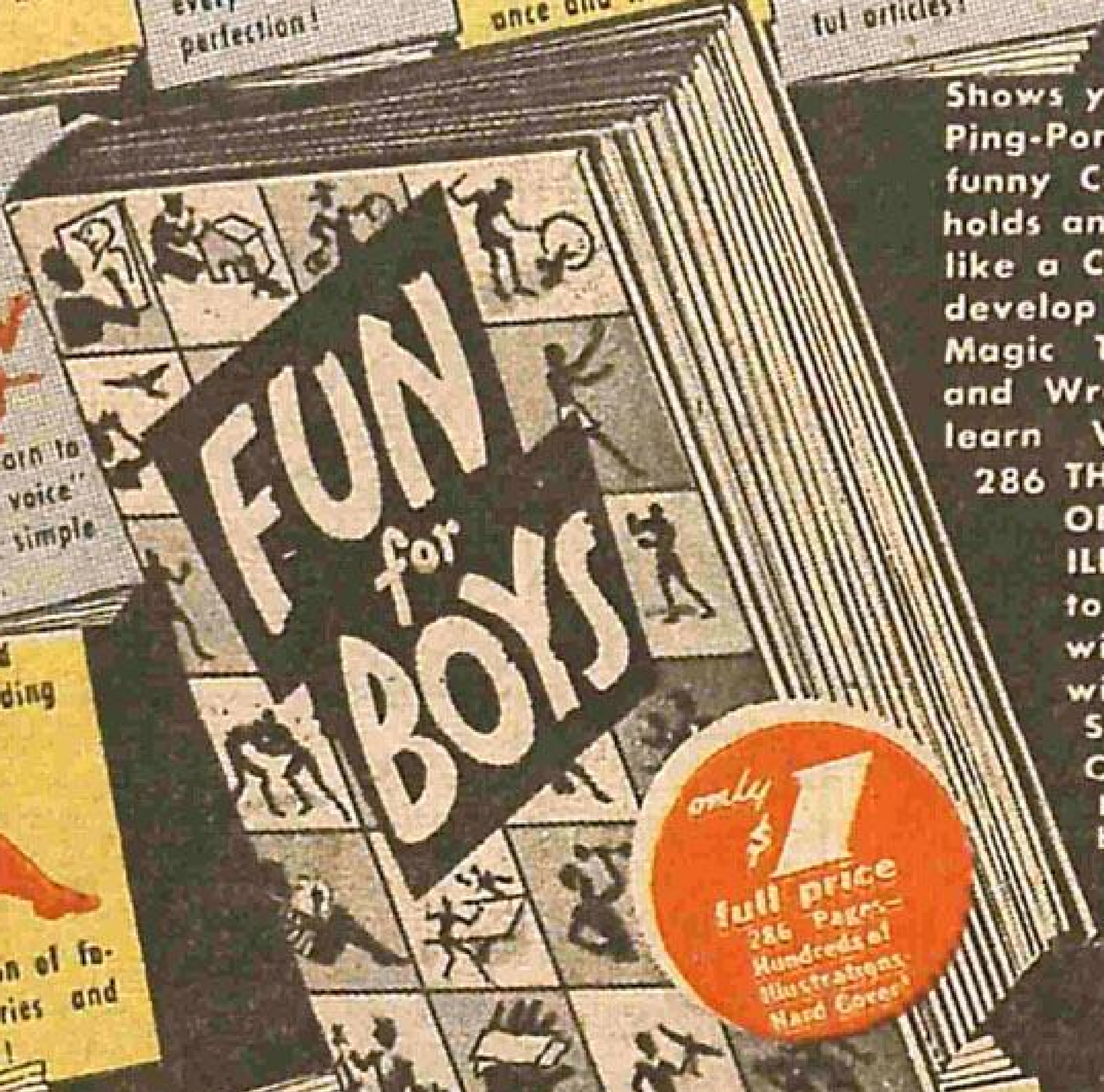

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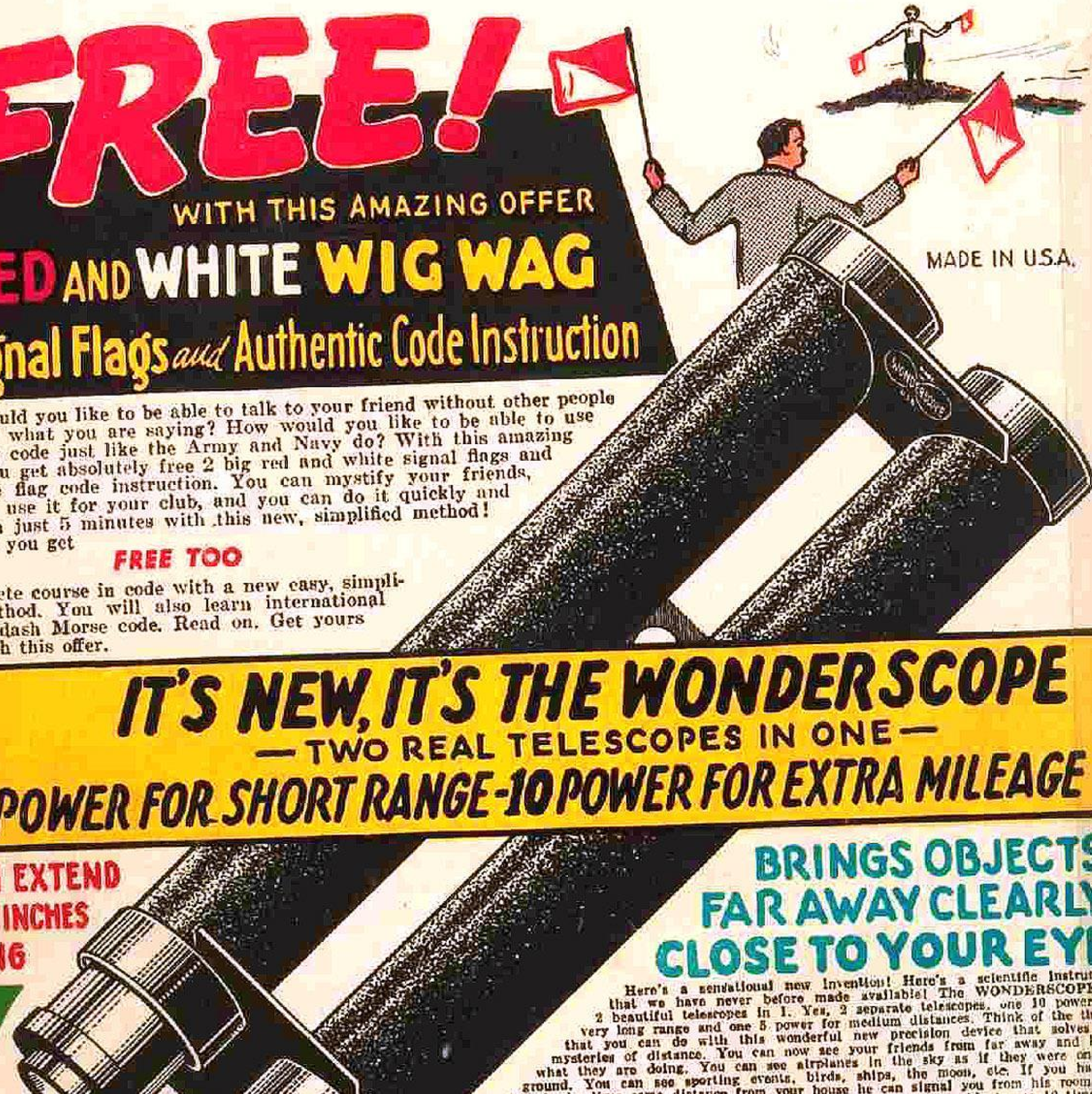

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